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PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
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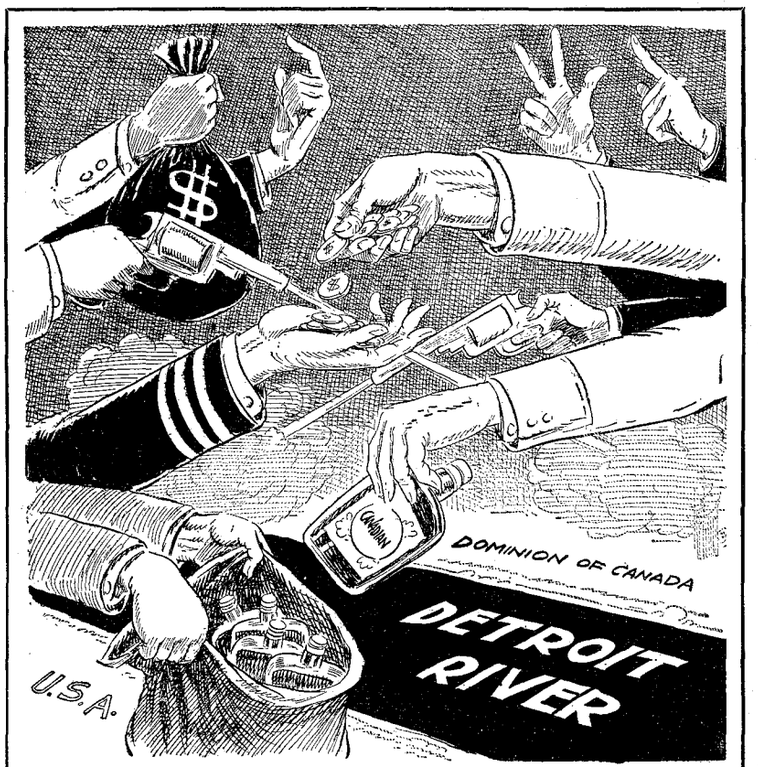
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE RUM WAR ON THE DETROIT FRONT

"GUNS FLAMED AGAIN EARLY TO-DAY along the upper reaches of the Detroit River as the rum smugglers essayed another dash through the United States blockade. Heavy firing was reported off Caron Avenue, and at about five o'clock this morning there was a general movement of speed craft in the East Windsor sector, followed by the intermittent roar of guns. There were no known casualties." These sentences, which crackle with words reminiscent of the black days of the World War, are from a recent Canadian dispatch from Windsor, Ontario, to a New York paper; and they bring vividly before the mind's eye the intensive campaign now being waged by the Prohibition enforcement forces to check on the Detroit front the invasion of the United States by Canadian whisky, wine, and ale. "The greatest armed force" ever assembled on that section of the border, Washington dispatches say, has been mobilized in Detroit. The three agencies of enforcement — customs, Prohibition, and Coast Guard—are functioning in this campaign under a special "coordinator," Mr. E. R. Norwood, who has under his command "an army of picked veterans of other enforcement campaigns." "Detroit looks for real war along the hundred miles of river between Huron and Erie, where the Great Lakes narrow into a band of water dividing Canada from the United States," says James C. Young in a Detroit dispatch to the New York *Times*. Eighty-five per cent. of the liquor coming into the United States from Canada, it is estimated at Prohibition headquarters, comes in through the Detroit area. Sketching the difficulties that confront our enforcement forces in this latest and most dramatic drive, Mr. Young continues:



HANDS ACROSS THE RIVER
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"It is going to be grimmer war than any of the others that have had the same purpose—an intensive effort to end the rum trade at its principal source. And Detroit believes that the rum forces entrenched on both sides of the river will not easily yield. From a dead start in a fast motor-boat it is no more than four minutes across that band of water, and each trip brings wealth.

"In recent months the rum-runners have resorted to shooting. In the past there was lively gun play between smugglers and hijackers, but arms were seldom used against government forces. Now the day has passed when Prohibition officers can shoot with immunity. Rum-runners carry automatic rifles and machine-guns—and use them.

"The movement from Canada has been running into hundreds of thousands of cases a month, probably approaching 500,000 cases in the busiest months—a literal flood pouring over the border by the bottle, case, and car-load. Up to this time every move of the enforcement army has been overreached by the rum-runners.

"The rum-runners are organized, daring, and capable. They have money, friends, and influence. Golden prizes lie over the way. No man lives long in the business unless he has nerve and resources."

President Hoover has appealed to the communities along the Canadian border to "help the Treasury to prevent the systematic war being carried on by international criminals." We read also that the Government has ordered "airplanes, automobiles, and cutters to the Canadian front." Says a Detroit dispatch to the Washington *Evening Star*, dated June 17:

"Those who have been following closely the efforts to enforce the Prohibition law believe that Detroit has been selected by President Hoover as the laboratory in which to test the 'noble experiment' of Prohibition.

"There is every indication that in the automobile city, the largest community anywhere on United States border lines, and into which flows a constant stream of liquor from a land where brewing and distilling is lawful, the Chief Executive plans to learn whether the Eighteenth Amendment as it stands can be enforced.

"From nearly every train coming into Detroit during the past few days from New York, Cleveland, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, the Pacific coast and the South, keen-eyed,

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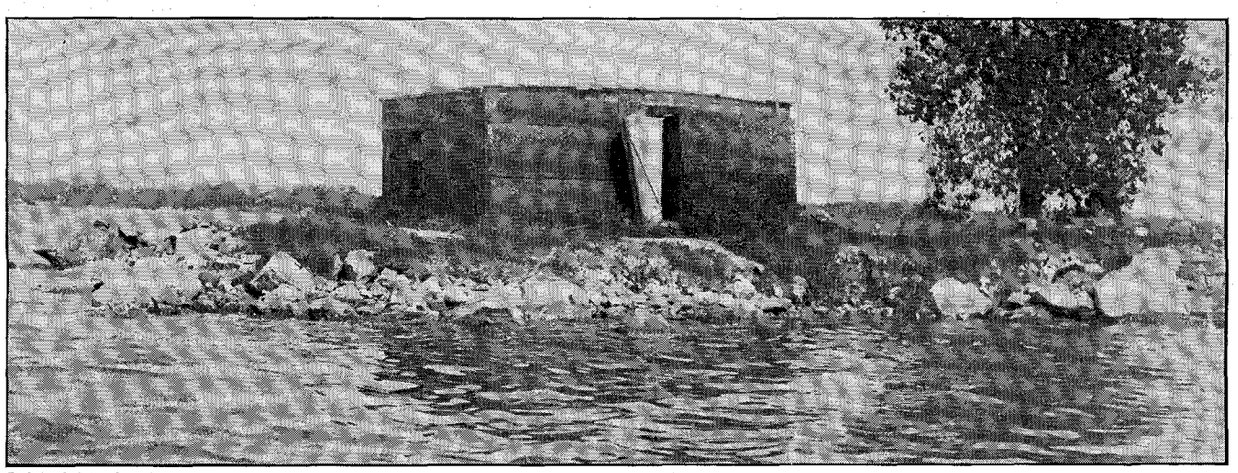

P. & A. photograph

"FIGHTING ISLAND"—CONSPICUOUS IN THE RUM-WAR "NEWS" FROM THE CANADIAN BORDER

This uninhabited islet in the Detroit River, just over the Canadian side of the international boundary, is said to be a point of vantage for the rum-runner, and a frequent target of the revenue officer.

alert strangers with a military bearing have alighted here and vanished into hotels.

"Various groups of them have assembled later at a secret rendezvous. Others were seen along the shore of the Detroit River studying the near Canadian shore.

"To a foreigner trained to note the preliminary sifting in of agents in advance of a general mobilization in European countries, what is going on in Detroit to-day would appear instantly as the first nervous wave of troops preparing for an assault. He would think of war.

"It is war, war with the full strength of the United States Government behind it.

"The outcome of the battle to be waged on the north border is of tremendous importance to the inhabitants of every other village, town, and city in the country.

"What happens here within the next few months will have its reverberating echo throughout the United States, and will have an effect, which can not be measured now, on the political fortunes of the two major parties in the campaign of 1932.

"The show-down to which the events of the past ten years have been pointing is to be had here in Detroit.

"The answer to the 'Prohibition question' in the tiniest rural hamlet of Texas, California, or Maine; in the largest metropolitan centers of the East and Middle West, is being sought here by Washington.

"Detroit has every element of the problem facing other cities and, because of its position on the Canadian border, in an aggravated form.

"It is fourth in population among the urban centers of the United States. It is separated by a river thirty-one miles long and about three-quarters of a mile in width, from a country where the manufacture, sale, and consumption of liquor is entirely lawful.

"Detroit is bound by steel links to Canada—railroad tracks in a tunnel now—with a great international bridge and a vehicular tunnel nearing completion—and by ferry lines. It is connected by railroad and motor highways with every part of that country.

"In addition to the enormous traffic in the smuggling of liquor from Canada, Detroit has vast illicit breweries and distilleries, 15,000 to 25,000 blind pigs or speak-easies, and thousands of citizens who make their own home-brew or synthetic liquor.

"The problem which must be solved includes those domestic breweries and distilleries as well as the swift fleets of rum-runners' boats and the freight car-loads of liquor disguised with forged seals.

"Detroit has a large alien population unfavorable to Prohibition. It also has its gangs of racketeers, hi-jackers, and gunmen. It has had machine-gun slayings.

"Of deep concern to the Government, also, is the known fact that bribery and corruption of its trusted servants has been nowhere so wide-spread as in Detroit. Finally, the city is claimed by the wets as one of their own. This, then, it is pointed out, is an ideal spot for the great test."

To meet this dry drive, says a news item in the Detroit *Free Press*, the rum-runners have organized a "giant combine." In the issue of June 13 we read:

"Formation of a giant combine of Great Lakes rum-runners, to challenge the anti-smuggling agencies of the Government, from Buffalo to Mackinac, was completed yesterday in Ecorse at a secret meeting of big operators from all important points of entry on the border, it was learned last night.

"The rum chiefs worked out plans for a shuttle system, whereby the traffic will be diverted to Lake Erie or Lake Huron whenever the coast-guard border patrol and other dry units are concentrated on the Detroit River.

"Headquarters have been established at strategic points along the border, and these points will be held in readiness to go into operation whenever the waterways fronting them are comparatively free from Federal interference.

"The operators have devised an extraordinarily wide-spread and apparently efficient intelligence system whereby the leaders of the giant combine are always aware of what stretches of the border are under the heaviest guard, and at what point danger from interruption is, for the moment, relatively remote.

"Speed-boats, the favorite smuggling craft a few months ago, are being offered for sale at prices below any that obtained until the recent concentration of coast-guard craft on the river.

"To replace the outmoded speed-boats, which would be of little use to combat the heavy seas on Lakes Erie and Huron, runners are refitting tugs, ranging in length from sixty to eighty feet. These craft are being almost completely rebuilt.

"Larger motors are being installed on them, to give them greater speed. Their deck-houses are being taken off so that there will be as little of the boat as possible to project up into the glare of the search-lights carried by the coast-guard boats. The steering-wheels are being placed in a cockpit, so the helmsman's head appears only a few inches above the level of the deck.

"While few runners were willing to declare flatly that the Government can not stop smuggling along the border, they generally insisted that there will always be enough loopholes or leaks to make smuggling a profitable, tho risky, performance.

"In any case, the leaders in the new rum merger apparently feel they will be able to clean up goodly profits before the Government has reached the point where it can, or will, place an armed guard shoulder to shoulder along the entire length of the international boundary line."

Seven days later a North American Newspaper Alliance dispatch from Detroit recorded the following facts:

"Proof both of the increasing effectiveness of the Federal blockade of the Detroit-Canadian border against rum-runners and the desperate character of men engaged in the illicit liquor traffic was given here yesterday when runners took the aggressive and opened fire on a customs border-patrol speed-boat.

"As the customs men speeded out of a hiding-place on the river front on the east side of Detroit to intercept the rum boat coming from Canada, the runners opened fire and turned back toward Canada. When they passed into Canadian waters, and thus were free from pursuit, they fired a second time. The two inspectors in the customs boat were not hit, but the bow of their ship was smashed, the windshield broken, and some of the machinery wrecked by the rum-runners' bullets.

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"In the past the river rum-runners, as distinguished from the gunmen who guarded the liquor cargoes when once landed, have not been armed, but have resorted to the superior speed of their boat coming from Canada to run the blockade.

"Every trade has its tricks, and the rum-runners have theirs. They stand ready to uncork every tried and true one developed through years of skirmishing with United States dry agents, and to spring some new ones to meet the toughest situation they have ever encountered. Bullets are their last desperate refuge.

"The mobilization of the cream of the Government's dry-enforcement agents at Detroit is already having results. Canadian beer is at a premium, and little is coming over the Detroit River. No big loads of distilled liquors are being run, either. The rum-runners are lying low, mapping out their campaign to meet the new disturbing threat.

"Only sneak loads are being run now, Federal officers here say. Canoes, rowboats, and small outboard motor-boats are being employed instead of the fleets of six to ten speed-boats that used to cross boldly from the liquor-export docks in Canada to Detroit, Ecorse, and Wyandotte.

"The customs border patrol recently seized a rowboat, to the bottom of which three cases of whisky had been wired. Other loads, somewhat larger but by no means beginning to measure up with loads run before the present drive, have been submerged in the shallows off various reedy islands down river, of which Grassy Island, which is all that its name implies, is an example. At night the runners have gone to the marshes in black-painted canoes and rowboats, or in small outboard motor-boats, called skip-jacks, and have brought the liquor ashore in small parcels of a case or two.

"The skip-jacks can enter marshes that speed-boats are unable to penetrate. Now the customs border patrol are using twelve of the skip-jacks themselves, confiscated from the rum-runners, and are probing the marshes for liquor caches.

"Prices of liquor to the retailers are already ascending, and consumers will soon feel the increase themselves, liquor operators here say. The present drive is bringing a golden harvest to a combine of big down-river operators who stored away a large supply of whisky and gin in anticipation of a shortage of good Canadian liquor, but Detroit, if it wants to drink it, must pay for it.

"And this is the rum capital of America! Other cities will have to pay higher prices also."

"Altho we are having a titanic struggle with the smugglers from Canada, we have a feeling that we are getting the upper hand in the fight," Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition, is quoted by the Baltimore *Sun* as saying. As long as armed smugglers wage war on the Government there are likely to be casualties on both sides, the Detroit *Free Press* warns us, but "the blood of the victims will not be on the hands or conscience of those sworn to uphold the Constitution and enforce the laws; but on those of the scofflaws who encourage the enemies of the Government to defy its authority in order that they may keep their whistles wet." And in the Chicago *Daily News* we read:

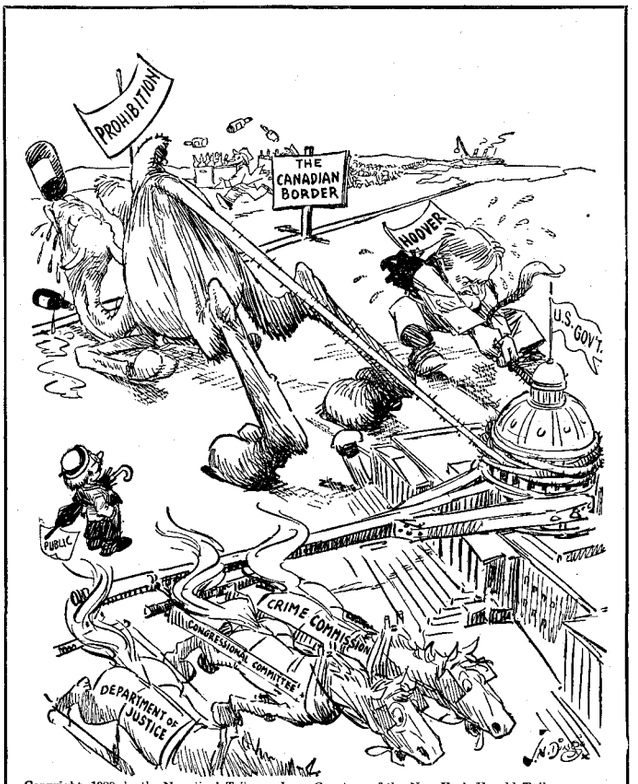
"President Hoover is well advised in appealing to popular opinion for help in combating 'international criminals' who have developed complex and elaborate smuggling paraphernalia on both sides of the Canadian border. Should the moral support of the American people be withdrawn from law enforcement, the 'international criminals' would gain the victory.

"The power of a nation is the power of the people of that nation. In exercising power the Federal authorities should make it manifest that theirs is a worthy cause worthily upheld. There is more potency for good in the President's classifying phrase, 'international criminals,' than in a series of formal reports by the Prohibition enforcement bureau. For the people of the United States do not wish to see their Government ignominiously defeated by armed bands of insolent smugglers in the present war on the Canadian border.

"The flagrant abuses which are manifesting themselves on the Canadian side of the line as a result of the smugglers' warfare upon the United States is causing Canadian public opinion to revolt against extension to them of the right of sanctuary. Swashbuckling armed breakers of the law of a neighboring peaceful nation can not occupy an intrenched position in any country without inflicting upon that country a demoralizing degree of lawlessness.

"The American Federal authorities can win their present battle by the force of decent opinion in the United States and Canada, provided they carry on their operations with a proper degree of consideration for individual human rights."

Canada's attitude toward the rum-runners who buy their goods legally on Canadian soil but sell them illegally across the border is a matter of special interest. Under the present Canadian law, clearance papers are issued to boats that take on cargoes of liquor for the United States, but there is a considerable body of public opinion in Canada which would like to see the law changed and such clearance papers denied. A Canadian parliamentary committee in 1926, and a royal commission since then, recommended that the issuing of these clearances be stopt. Another



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DOING HIS BEST TO WEAN HIM

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

section of Canadian opinion, however, defends the present system on the theory that "altho the United States may want Prohibition officially, unofficially she wants booze." The Canadian Government, dispatches tell us, has offered to permit American border patrols to be stationed on the Canadian liquor export docks, but this offer has been rejected. Alfred Cuddy, deputy commissioner of Ontario's provincial police, states that rum-runners clearing from Canadian ports are searched for arms by the Canadian authorities, and that no Canadian boats are engaged in the cross-river rum-running trade.

The comment of the wet section of the United States press on the great dry drive on the Detroit front may be summed up in the question: Is a law that is so difficult to enforce worth the effort? Says the New Haven *Register:*

"This wide-spread lack of sympathy with the law is what is really at the root of all our difficulties. Without a large demand for alcoholic beverages, in spite of the law, there would be no systematic war by international criminals.

"This brings us inevitably to the conclusion that the law itself is at fault. So long as it is not held in respect by a large proportion of the population, so long will rum-running continue. If we are to go to the root of all our difficulties, we must reconsider the fundamental theories of the whole Prohibition experiment."

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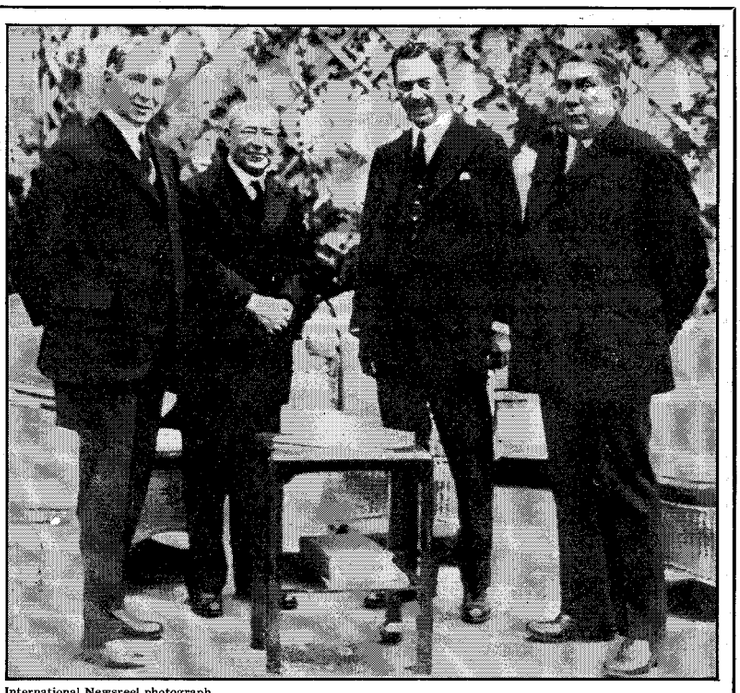
MEXICO'S RELIGIOUS STORM CLEARING

THESE ARE DAYS OF REJOICING in Mexico. For, after three years of strife that has sometimes developed into open rebellion and bloodshed, the bitter controversy between the Catholic Church and the Mexican Government appears to many to be on the verge of an amicable adjustment. Back of the struggle, which followed restrictive legislation, has been the determination on the part of the Government to end what it regards as the "temporal power" of the Catholic Church, and on the part of the Church to resist what it considers a "war on religion" under the pretext of abolishing political activities, in which the Church contends they have not engaged for many years. The agreement between Church and State, notes the New York *Herald Tribune*, "brings to an end a situation as extraordinary as it was unfortunate. Never before, perhaps, has a civilized State endeavored to carry forward the life of its people without the aid of any form of religion whatsoever." The present settlement, observes the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "is good news, indeed, for the great mass of Mexican people, who are for the most part loyal Catholics." And, it adds: "For those in Mexico and the United States whose interests are primarily commercial or political, it is equally good news, for an end of the religious controversy will do much to eliminate the unrest that has held Mexico back in its national progress." "No country has a deeper feeling of satisfaction in the settlement than the United States," agrees the Troy *Record*. As the New York *World* points out:



International Newsreel photograph

PEACEMAKERS IN MEXICO'S RELIGIOUS WAR

Four of the eight principals in the diplomacy that led to an understanding between the Government of Mexico and the Catholic Church in that Republic. From left to right, they are: Father Edmund A. Walsh, vice-president of Georgetown University, Washington; Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, apostolic delegate; Dr. Miguel C. Tocornal, former Chilean Ambassador to Washington, and now arbiter in the Mexican-German and Mexican-Spanish Claims Commission; and Bishop Pascual Diaz, of Tabasco, who has been designated by the Pope as Archbishop of Mexico. The four other diplomatic principals are said by Arthur Constantin, Mexico City correspondent of the New York *World*, to be ex-President Calles and President Portes Gil of Mexico; and Ambassador Morrow and Father John Burke, of the United States.

"President Portes Gil will now be free to turn his attention to the rehabilitation of the country, economically injured by the futile Escobar revolt. Financial problems are urgent. The land policy will need to be studied. There are bridges to be built, railway lines and roads to be repaired, schools to be opened."

Both Church and State have made generous concessions, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer;* "yet neither has yielded in any vital principle." The compact, remarks the New York *Telegram*, is a formal recognition that in Mexico—as in the United States—"there must be complete separation of Church and State, in letter and in spirit." According to an Associated Press dispatch from Mexico City, dated June 21:

"The basis of the religious agreement signed to-day, as announced in a public statement by President Portes Gil, is as follows:

"1. The Mexican Government will allow the Catholic hierarchy to designate those priests who are to register in compliance with Mexican laws.

"2. Religious instruction, while not permitted in the schools (which is specified in the Constitution), will be permitted within the churches.

"3. The right is reserved to Mexican Catholic prelates to apply for modification of the Constitution at any time in the future, which is the same as granted all Mexican citizens."

"Nothing now remains but to obtain the sanction of the Pope," explains the Richmond *Times-Leader*. And, it goes on, "there are few who doubt that he will grant it, altho he withheld it a year ago when a similar, if not identical, accord was reached with President Calles." To again quote *The Herald Tribune:*

"In the agreement, the Church appears to have made by far the greater concessions, and the State to have yielded very little. Yet it would not be just to the Catholic Church to scrutinize the accord for a legalistic triumph of one or the other party. Matters of religious conviction are not decided on points, as law cases sometimes are.

"The accord does not alter the Constitution, but it does declare that the Church is able, without stultification, to discharge its high functions in modern Mexico and to go forward under the laws of the country to work out a better basis upon which Church and State may together fulfil their proper destinies."

In the opinion of the Providence *News*, the settlement "is a triumph for civilization." The Mexican Government does not repeal any of its religious laws, we read in the Washington *Star*, "but the laws henceforth are to be more broadly interpreted." Both the Church and the Government will benefit from the reconciliation that has been brought about, believes the Hartford *Courant*, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* reminds us that—

"Credit belongs to Archbishop Ruiz and Bishop Diaz for waiving all personal resentments. Credit belongs to President Portes Gil for honestly seeking a compromise. Credit belongs to Father Edmund A. Walsh, of Georgetown University, for smoothing over canon law problems. And, tho he could not appear in the matter publicly, we have no doubt that Ambassador Dwight L. Morrow, tactful and powerful not merely as a diplomat but as a personality known to have vast influence with the possible sources of loans to the Mexican Government, had his part in the peace movement. But most of all, credit is due to the Vatican's moderation, common sense and appreciation of its newer modern relation to the civil governments of republics."

In a second Washington *Star* editorial we read:

"While the controversy between State and Church in Mexico has existed for nearly three-quarters of a century, with periods of apparent peace interspersed, the open split, which occurred three

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"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Where was the "Liberty Bell" cast? (p. 20).
2. Is abdominal breathing irrational? (p. 35).
3. What do the Italians mean by the Risorgimento? (p. 17).
4. What is President Hoover's "yellow journal"? (p. 46).
5. What denomination now has its own fire insurance corporation? (p. 23).
6. Locate: "Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." (p. 20).
7. Where is the heart of an insect placed? (p. 35).
8. What city is associated in history with the fiddle? (p. 17).
9. On what occasion, in what country, is a man chosen "God for a day"? (p. 44).
10. How much money has the Rockefeller Foundation disbursed in the last fifteen years? (p. 23).
11. What besides sculptures does Jacob Epstein create? (p. 19).
12. Who is the Duce? (p. 16).
13. Why have women more intuition than men? (p. 30).
14. How did a group of varsity athletes recently win seventy-two shirts? (p. 48).
15. Does religion depend on a definition of God? (p. 22).
16. How may the silhouette have originated? (p. 18).
17. Name a prominent small-town man. (p. 14).
18. Can a State become a speak-easy? (p. 11).
19. How many crews competed and how many were swamped in the final event of the Poughkeepsie regatta? (p. 48).
20. What noted British scientist is content to believe in God without trying to prove His existence? (p. 22).
21. How long can the flying-fish fly at one time? (p. 28).
22. What proportion of prison inmates are found mentally defective? (p. 29).
23. Are we pulling too many teeth? (p. 29).
24. Why is the Orient disappointed in our type of Christianity? (p. 24).
25. What new use for sewage gas has been found? (p. 30).

years ago and resulted in a withdrawal of many Catholic prelates and priests from the country, is traceable directly to the laws drawn up by former President Calles in June, 1926. The effect of those laws was to restrict the ministry to native Mexicans, to forbid religious instruction in public schools and private primary schools, to prevent 'religious corporations' from establishing and directing primary schools, and to subject all private schools to government supervision. Monastic orders were prohibited, religious confraternities and convents were dissolved, all Church buildings were put under government supervision and Church property was taken over and placed in charge of a caretaker. Earlier the Government had provided that a minister, to exercise his functions as priest or clergyman, must register in his municipality.

"These restrictions placed upon the Church were protested vigorously by the Catholic prelates. Acting on the Pope's approval, they closed their churches throughout the country.

"The serious differences existing between the Church and State since the closing of the churches are said to have been the basis of revolutionary attempts, altho the prelates have denied that they sponsored these insurrections. The settlement of the differences may go far toward bringing peace to a land which has been torn by internal dissensions for many years."

On the other hand, *The Commonweal* (New York), a widely read Catholic weekly, maintains that "none of the major issues have been met; religious liberty, religious instruction, religious peace—these are still out of reach." The New York *World's* Rome correspondent was told unofficially at the Vatican that the present agreement on the question of religious liberty in Mexico "is considered as a kind of armistice." And Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., editor of *America*, another Catholic weekly, is thus indirectly quoted by a New York *Times* interviewer:

"Father Parsons holds that it is premature to say that peace has actually come between the Government and the Church, as no actual document to that effect has yet been signed. There are some important questions to be settled before it can be said that peace has been arrived at, in the opinion of Father Parsons.

"First, there is the question of property, of which nothing has been said in the preliminary announcement. Under the present Mexican Constitution, title to the churches is in the State.

"Secondly, there is the question of religious education, which, according to the preliminary agreement, will be permitted only in the churches. Thus religion may not be taught in any school in Mexico, whether public or private. And, even admitting the Church's right to establish and operate parochial schools, the Mexican Constitution forbids the teaching of religion in them.

"Thirdly, there is only a very general statement in the preliminary agreement in regard to the status of Bishops and priests under the law.

"Fourthly, the fundamental point, according to Father Parsons, is the recognition of the Church as a juridical entity, as, for example, in the United States.

"Father Parsons explained the Church's technical opposition to the registering of priests. The Mexican Government, according to the Jesuit editor, placed clergymen in the same class as other professional men. The Church demanded freedom for its clergymen to carry out their missions, and vigorously opposed the registration or licensing of their activities.

"Another matter, Father Parsons declared, is the appointment of Bishops, usually a very important factor in settling controversies. He cited the cases of Italy, Roumania, and Prussia, nations which have just made agreements with the Vatican. These agreements all contain only a restriction by the Government that no Bishop shall be appointed if his political activity has made him obnoxious. But this question has not as yet been touched upon in Mexico."

"Announcement by the Mexican Government that services will be resumed in the Catholic churches does not mean that the centuries-old controversy between the State and Church in Mexico is composed," agrees the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and the Asheville *Citizen* reminds us that—

"President Portes Gil has not recognized the program of the Church as presented in the memorial laid before the Mexican Legislature on September 6, 1926. The demands of that program, as summarized by *The Commonweal*, one of the most important of the Catholic weeklies, were as follows: 'Establishment, as part of the constitutional law, of religious liberty for all faiths; acknowledgment of the right of parents to give their children instruction in the Faith, and of the legitimacy of religious schools; the concession to religious communities to settle in the country, to own property, and to do the work of prayer and charity; recognition of the independence of ecclesiastical authority, in matters pertaining to the Church, from civil rule; and defense of the just rights of the citizen, in accordance with principles held internationally by all good governments."

In other words, explains the Southern daily, "the Mexican Government has not altered the general attitude toward the Catholic Church." Some of the restrictions that remain in force are thus enumerated by *The New Republic* (New York) in an editorial that takes a rather critical attitude toward the Church:

"Peace has been reestablished. Under its terms, which are informal, the clergy submits to registration, altho this is to be done, as the Mexican Government has long been willing to have it done, through the Bishops.

"The statement in the prepared announcement that 'religious instruction, while not permitted in the schools, will be permitted in the churches,' is merely an affirmation of a condition which existed prior to August 1, 1926.

"The third statement that 'the right is reserved to Mexican Catholic prelates to apply for modification of the Constitution at any time' is another affirmation of a condition which has always existed.

"The hierarchy has now come to terms in the face of its inability to secure any true popular and effective support of the Mexican people, and of the manifest fact that the Government could not be starved or beaten into submission."

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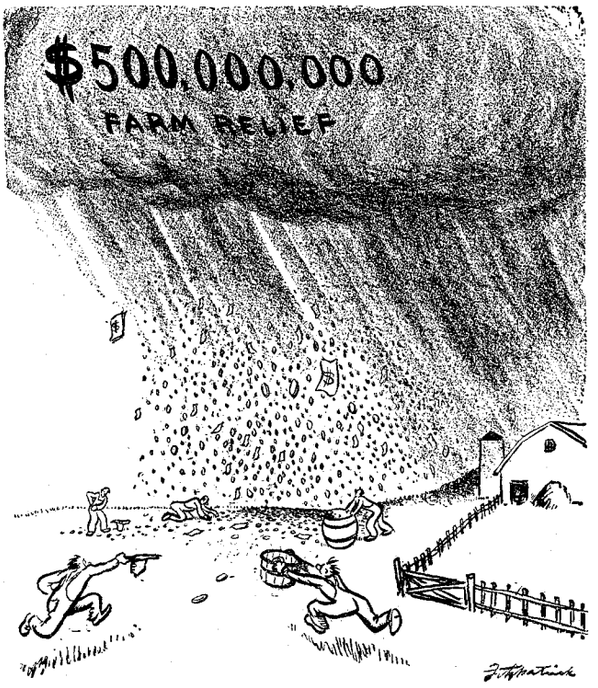
HOW THE NEW "FARM-RELIEF" LAW WILL WORK

A NOTE OF CAUTION is apparent in the tone of expert observers when they come to estimate just how much aid the new farm-relief law will give the farmer. There seems to be a tendency both in the capital of the nation and in Chicago, "the capital of agriculture," to view the Hoover farm-relief act "as a long-timed, gradual adjuster of some of the factors involved in the agricultural depression, rather than a measure that will give much material assistance this year or



HERE SHE COMES, BOYS!
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

next," writes O. M. Kile in one of his dispatches reviewing farm sentiment. In general, there is a skeptical tone in both financial and agricultural comment, while the leading daily papers in the agricultural States contain editorials both complimentary and hopeful. One reason for the lack of confident prophecy about the effects of the measure lies in the very character of that piece of legislation. As the New York *Times* notes:

"What the bill does is to lay down general principles. It mentions purposes and hopes, defines the chief objectives of the new farm legislation, limits power in a few directions, but really turns the whole work of administration over to the Farm Board. In its hands Congress has virtually placed a blank check."

But, naturally, a Board equipped with "broad powers" and given $150,000,000 at once out of a possible $500,000,000, besides $1,500,000 for expenses, may be expected to do something. The most elaborate attempt to foreshadow the actual activities of the new officials is made by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, a prominent member of the Senate committee on agriculture. Behind the new legislation, says Senator Capper in the New York *Times*, is the theory that "organized selling in the long run is the farmers' salvation." Mr. Capper thinks the declaration of policy in the new law is "all-important," reminding us that it proposes to give agriculture economic equality with other industries "by minimizing speculation"; by "preventing inefficient and wasteful methods of distribution"; by encouraging cooperatives and developing their marketing activities, and "by aiding in preventing and controlling surpluses in any agricultural commodity, through orderly production and distribution so as to maintain advantageous domestic markets and prevent such surpluses from causing undue and excessive fluctuations or depressions in prices for the commodity."

Now for the machinery. At the top is the Federal Farm Board of nine members. Then there is an advisory committee for each commodity, chosen by the cooperatives; then for each commodity there is a stabilization corporation, which has been described as "a sort of super-cooperative," which is owned and controlled by cooperatives. As Senator Capper explains the law, "the Farm Board is the head, the cooperatives the backbone, and the stabilization corporations the arms and legs, and the advisory committees the tongue." The advisory committee takes the initiative when it sees an emergency in its field, and it asks the Farm Board to recognize a stabilization corporation which the cooperatives must incorporate. The revolving fund of $500,000,000 is there for the Farm Board to lend to cooperatives (for various specified purposes) or to the stabilization corporations.

Suppose the commodity to be wheat. The advisory committee is named, and the wheat cooperatives have organized their stabilization corporation. Now, as Senator Capper continues:

"This stabilization corporation will be a central sales agency for handling wheat. It can market for its members. It can buy wheat from members or non-members. It will borrow money—perhaps a $100,000,000 or so—from the revolving fund.

"It can construct or lease elevators, sell or hold, or otherwise dispose of wheat.

"It is expected to announce its intention of buying a large amount of wheat. If that announcement does not bring the domestic market up to a reasonable figure, it will buy wheat. It can either market it at home or abroad. If it sells abroad at a loss, that loss will come back on the revolving fund.

"The Federal Board will retain power to force the sale of the corporation's wheat on the domestic market if a corner that 'unduly enhances the prices to the distress of the consumers' is attempted."

In other words, as the New York *World* understands it, "whenever a seasonal glut threatens, the stabilization corporations may intervene, may act to prevent a panicky rush into a broken market, and may try to pool much of the commodity to dispose of it smoothly and evenly." An illustration of how the new legislation is expected to work is taken from the actual operation of the President's cotton committee two years ago, says David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington:

"When prices of cotton began to tumble, the President sent Eugene Myer to the Cotton Belt to form organizations which stood ready to purchase cotton and carry it over at a base price. The immediate effect was to set prices upward to somewhere near the level it was thought they logically should have attained. The presence of large purchasers ready to buy at a particular price was the stabilization process.

"In the event that the stabilization corporation should make an error of judgment, or unforeseen factors should arise, the revolving fund of five hundred million dollars is expected to be ample to take care of any losses. As a matter of fact the Government's experience in this same sort of procedure in the past has been profitable. There are opportunities of course for the corporation to make a profit in the event that unforeseen factors should produce a rise in price. A certain amount of these profits will be set aside as a surplus fund to take care of losses in other years, but once the surpluses are properly established, the excess fund will accrue to the members of the cooperative corporations who will own the stock in the stabilization corporation."

A question that worries several of our editors is what a stabilization corporation is to do with a surplus once on its hands. *The Wall Street Journal* says "wheat could not be held year after year waiting for a crop shortage when it could be sold without loss; storage, waste, and insurance costs would soon offset any possible profit." The answer is, "sell at a loss and look to the revolving fund to cover it." That, we read on, "can be done, and the domestic price kept up just as long as the Treasury answers the call of the revolving fund for 'more.'" But, then, we would be depressing European markets and making trouble for other producers, and "trouble for us would come from that."

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THE WISCONSIN PLAN TO SELL LIQUOR

IN THESE DAYS OF SHOOTINGS by overzealous enforcement agents; of charges and counter-charges by wets and drys; of raids by officials, and warfare between rum-runners and hi-jackers, a startling item of news comes out of Wisconsin. Briefly, a Milwaukee attorney has a plan to put the State into the liquor business, despite the Eighteenth Amendment. "Ingenious, but impracticable," seems to be the view of the majority of editorial commentators, but, observes the Indianapolis *News*, "so few things are impossible in this country that the suggestion of J. G. Hardgrove, former president of the Milwaukee Bar Association, concerning the right of States to engage in the liquor traffic, can not be dismissed without some consideration." The Hardgrove experiment would necessitate an amendment to the State Constitution, explains the Boston *Globe*, "but the proposal raises an interesting question." Mr. Hardgrove's theory, says the Milwaukee *Journal*, was first advanced in an article published by that daily. According to the attorney:

"There is one question in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment which has never been directly raised.

"The first section of the Amendment . . . prohibits all dealing in or with intoxicating liquor as a matter of private enterprise. Does it prohibit the manufacture, importation, or dispensation by the States themselves?

"The Amendment does not in terms prohibit the personal use or consumption of intoxicating liquor. It does not proceed upon the assumption that the use or consumption of intoxicating liquor is in itself harmful to the great body of the citizens, and thereby indirectly harmful to the Government itself. It was not couched in language appropriate for the placing of limitations or restrictions on the State governments.

"It is therefore suggested that each State is free to adopt some method for manufacturing or importing and dispensing liquor to its citizens. . . .

"In reaching this conclusion, there is assumed for the Amendment a political purpose, such as, presumably, is always intended in a Federal Constitution. In construction there is followed the rule laid down in the Tenth Amendment—that the 'powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, *nor prohibited by it to the States*, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.'

"Prior to the Eighteenth Amendment, it must be conceded that the States had the power to deal with the liquor problem (regarded either as a political or as an economic problem) by State manufacture or importation and dispensation. The power was not delegated to the Government, and, in the absence of such a delegation, can not be taken from the States *except by a prohibition expressly directed against them.*"

Of course, points out the New York *Evening World*, "this is a constitutional question." And it goes on to say:

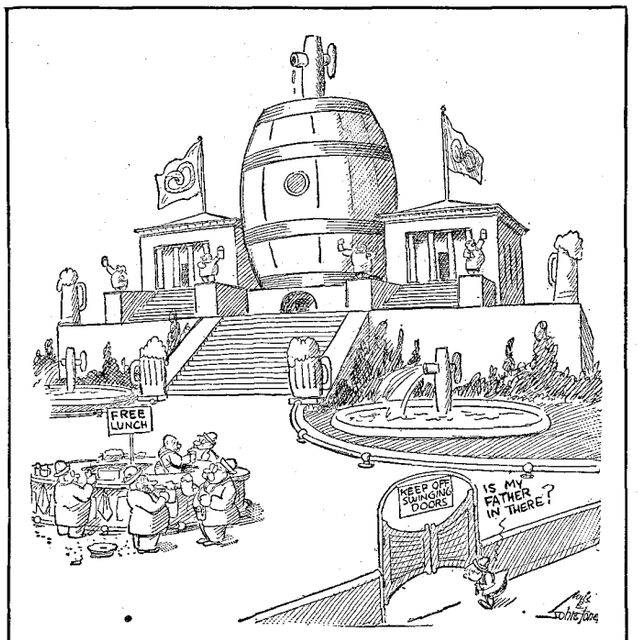
"Far-fetched as the idea may seem, there is every probability, unless something like real enforcement on all classes can be speedily brought about, that Prohibition will be abandoned through some strained interpretation of the law. There is scarcely a possibility of repealing the Amendment. We shall either have real Prohibition or another constitutional amendment having no meaning in reality. It might be interesting to try out the Wisconsin idea as an experiment."

A joint resolution, founded on the Hardgrove theory, aiming to enable the State of Wisconsin to manufacture and sell liquor to its citizens, and calling for immediate action, possibly through a referendum, has been introduced into the State legislature, says a Milwaukee dispatch. But even if the resolution strikes no snags in the legislature, those who dream of making Wisconsin a wet oasis may have to wait years before the State Constitution can be amended, says a United Press dispatch from the State capital. Furthermore, recalls Prohibition Commissioner Doran, the United States Supreme Court already has ruled that the Eighteenth Amendment "is operative throughout the United States, and is binding upon all legislatures, courts, and citizens." To quote a Milwaukee *Journal* editorial:

"Mr. Hardgrove contends that, inasmuch as the Eighteenth Amendment does not expressly hold State governments to prohibition, State governments are not affected by its provisions. He also contends that it was not the intent of those supporting the Eighteenth Amendment to do away with intoxicants as such, but that the Amendment's supporters meant merely to do away with the private business of manufacturing, selling, and transporting liquors.

"Mr. Hardgrove's position on the first point is greatly shaken by the fact that the only similar clause in the Constitution—that relating to slavery—also does not directly prohibit State governments. If States may manufacture liquors, States may also own slaves.

"The Supreme Court is almost certain to hold that both slavery and Prohibition are moral questions, and that the intent of both amendments is to commit the whole country to a uniform policy with regard to them."



THE NEW STATE CAPITOL

"Propose to put State of Wisconsin in the Liquor Business."—*News Item.* —Johnstone in the New York *World.*

Mr. Hardgrove has evolved an ingenious plan, admits the Washington *Star*. But, it goes on:

"The Supreme Court remains to be heard from. Many assaults upon the Eighteenth Amendment have come before the highest tribunal of the land for final settlement in the past. It is notable, however, that in no instance have the opponents of Prohibition been able to make headway in that Court.

"It is quite clear that the intent of Congress, when it submitted the Eighteenth Amendment to the States for ratification, was to halt absolutely the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. Under the Hardgrove theory, the United States Government itself would be empowered to manufacture and sell intoxicating beverages if Congress and the Chief Executive, by majority vote and by the signature of the latter, should enact a law providing for such manufacture and sale. The assumption that a State may violate the Constitution through action of its legislature and its Governor, or that it may be violated by the Congress of the United States and the President seems to be equally unsound.

"Wisconsin recently put through a law in its State legislature repealing the Prohibition enforcement act of that Commonwealth. The action was preceded by a referendum in which the majority of the people of Wisconsin voted for repeal of that enforcement act. There is no disguising the fact that a majority of the people of Wisconsin are against Prohibition. But that does not give the people of Wisconsin or the legislature or the Governor of Wisconsin the right to nullify or defy the Constitution of the United States.

"The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted by the American people in the form prescribed by the Constitution itself for making changes in that document. When the American people reach the conclusion, if ever, that the Amendment is to be modified or repealed, they will take the necessary action. It can not be done by a single State nor by a majority of the States."

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AND NOW A "WHITE" SOUTH AFRICA

THE CENTURIES-OLD STRUGGLE of the white race for supremacy; the desire of the Dutch element to aline South Africa with German trade interests; and the determination of British citizens of the Union of South Africa to remain with the Empire—all of these were brought to the surface during the recent election. For the first time in the history of South Africa, it seems, the "native question" was placed before the electorate, and the victory of General Hertzog, Nationalist candidate, is interpreted by Cape Town correspondents as a clear notice to the Kafirs and other colored races that they can not, for the present, anticipate a share in South African citizenship in any form.

The two issues on which the contest was fought, we read in the London *Times*, were the question of the native vote and the German trade treaty:

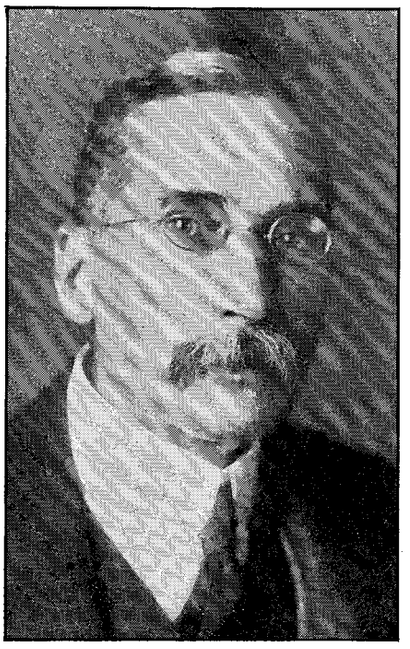
"General Hertzog, the Nationalist leader, proposes to give natives in the Union a limited and indirect form of representation, and to take away from natives of the Cape Province the right they now possess of equal franchise with whites.

"The South African party holds the view that this is not a party matter, but one for a national convention, and that a single native policy for the whole of British Africa should be the ultimate aim."

According to a Canadian daily the London (Ont.) *Advertiser:*

"The issue of second importance was the German trade treaty signed last year. The treaty, while it does not interfere with existing tariff preferences on British imports, gives Germany for two years most-favored-nation treatment. South Africa is thereby bound to give to Germany the advantage of any further preferences she gives to Great Britain.

"The opposition contended that the agreement cut across the policy of Empire preferences and would alienate Great Britain, the Union's best customer, Southern Rhodesia, and the British territories farther north."



A BOER VICTORY

This Boer General wins the election and succeeds himself as Prime Minister in the Union of South Africa. General Hertzog is sixty-three years old, and served as a General in the Boer-British war of 1899-1902. He formed the Nationalist party in 1912.

The Hertzog followers, explains the Dallas *News*, wish to cut loose from the British Empire, and form an independent sovereign republic, with German commercial affiliations rather than British. The South African party, headed by Gen. Jan C. Smuts, favors allegiance to—and commercial relations with—the Empire, and also fair treatment for the natives and the right to vote as they acquire education and the standards of civilization. In the election early last month, notes the New York *Times*, "General Hertzog scored a success, but not a triumph." He has a slight majority over all the other parties, says a Cape Town dispatch to the New York daily. What chiefly concerns the Montreal *Star* is the handling of the "native question" by the Hertzog Ministry: "If South Africa's present standards of living are not to be submerged by the black population; if it is to remain a white man's country, the native question will have to be handled with great delicacy and tact." To the London *Daily Mail*, "it looks as tho in South Africa the very situation which occurred seventy years ago in the Southern Confederacy of the United States were recurring." However, it adds, "South African statesmen of larger experience and wider outlook, such as General Smuts, leader of the opposition party, realize that the Boer extremists are seeking the impossible, and that the native population, which is growing much faster than the whites, can not be held down indefinitely."

CANADA NOT OWNED BY OUTSIDERS

THE OLD BOGY of Wall Street domination, once used in election campaigns to frighten patriotic Canadians, has been laid by the heels, writes the Ottawa correspondent of the New York *Times*. It used to be said that Canadians were to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water for American capital, until inevitably they were absorbed politically as well as economically." But all that, we are told, is a thing of the past, "in the face of proof that Canadian and British capital own from 75 to 80 per cent. of Canadian industry." Indeed, investors in Toronto and Montreal and throughout the Provinces, instead of London, are furnishing capital for the development of Canadian trade and manufacture. In other words—

"Canada is owned by Canadians. Those who view with alarm the economic future of this small population find reassurance in a statement to that effect issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Canadians, it appears, own between 55 per cent. and 65 per cent. of the securities of all enterprises located on Canadian soil. The total British and foreign investment in this country is given as $5,742,043,000, of which $2,209,517,000 is credited to British investors. The United States investment exceeds that figure by more than a billion dollars.

"At the same time Canadian investments in the United States amounted to $874,626,000, or more than one-quarter of the American investment here, and this is considered an excellent relative showing. American capital is invested principally in government and railroad securities, the pulp and paper industry, which it dominates, and mining.

"The Great War revealed to Canadians some knowledge of their own present and potential wealth, and the habit of buying domestic securities has stuck. Present national wealth is estimated to be at least five times the total of British and foreign investments, so there need be no reason for disquiet."

During recent years Canadians have been repurchasing from abroad their own securities, as well as purchasing foreign securities, notes an Ottawa correspondent for the New York *Sun*, who quotes the same Dominion Bureau of Statistics as noting reports in the financial press that an increasing number of Canadian industrial concerns have passed into Canadian hands:

"Among those so mentioned are Goodyear Tire, Windsor Hotel, Hiram Walker Distillery, Acadia Sugar, Canadian Bronze, Cosmos Imperial Mills, National Steel Car, Lake Superior Corporation, Noranda Mines, Famous Players Canadian Corporation, Foundation Company of Canada, and Montreal Piggly Wiggly Corporation."

In a discussion of Canada's increasing trade with the United States, still another Ottawa correspondent—this time writing to *The Wall Street Journal*—calls attention to one important commodity for which Canada is becoming less dependent on foreign supplies. This is coal, and the correspondent gleans the information from the Canadian Pacific Railway's *Canadian Weekly Trade Review:*

"Canada is steadily becoming more self-dependent in regard to coal, partly owing to increased use of Canadian fuel and partly to the supplanting of coal by electric power in industry. In the last five years Canada's imports of anthracite from the United States have declined to 3,312,000 tons from 4,477,000, while her imports of bituminous coal have fallen off to 13,115,000 tons from 15,315,000."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

THE world's a stage, but most of us are stagehands.—*Kay Features.*

FARM relief already includes creation of eight new Federal jobs.—*Dallas News.*

THE census bill has been signed. Get your ages ready, girls. —*Indianapolis Star.*

THE first cuss-word was invented when the first bald man missed a fly the third time.—*Calgary Herald.*

THE most frequent double play is that from pay window to worker to instalment house.—*Chicago Journal.*

Now if only the Crime Commission can get as much first-page space as the commission of crime.—*Sacramento Bee.*

IT begins to look as if Harry Sinclair is entitled to a rebate from his lawyers.—*Dallas News.*

FLUCTUATION in the price of wheat never seems to affect the high price of wild oats.—*Boston Herald.*

THE Conservative opinion, in England, is that the hand that rocks the cradle rocked the boat.—*Macon News.*

A STUDY in logic these hot days is to be found in the stockingless fad combined with the fur neckpiece.—*Wichita Eagle.*

THE debating team of a girls' school has defeated three teams from boys' schools, just as if they were married.—*Kay Features.*

THE problem that confronts the Prohibition Bureau is how to get the enforcement agents on the side of law and order. —*Springfield Union.*

THE high cost of living wouldn't be such a problem if the luxuries of yesterday had not become the necessities of to-day.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

SPEAKING OF BLINDFOLD TESTS

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News.*

JUSTICE TAFT has gone to Canada. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* —*Indianapolis Star.*

ANOTHER good place for a no-tipping sign is on a canoe.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

LOVE your enemies. They merely shoot you. Your friends levy the taxes.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

IF Mr. Edison can't find a new vegetable source of rubber, he might experiment with lobster.—*Peoria Star.*

EDUCATION will increase your earning capacity. Just look at our rich college professors.—*Chico (Cal.) Record.*

IT is said that Liberia owes us only $26,000. Liberia must be very careless in the matter of her borrowing.—*Troy Times.*

CHARITY consisted in saying nothing at the office of the Father's Day necktie.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THE reason there is plenty of room at the top is because so many who get there fall off.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

A HEATHEN country is one in which the pay-roll can be transported without an armored car.—*Brooklyn Times.*

FOUR California cities are among those having the highest suicide rate. Florida papers please copy.—*Indianapolis Star.*

MAKING highways forty feet wide wouldn't change things much, except that buses would expand to thirty-eight feet.—*Kenosha (Wis.) News.*

LAW will seem sacred to everybody whenever the bleachers think the man is out just because the ump says he's out.—*Brockville (Ont.) Recorder.*

THE back-to-the-farm movement has been a complete success. There are now more backs to the farms than ever before.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

THE accident to the Zeppelin probably prevented some New York tabloid from carrying a signed story by the gorilla.—*Miami News.*

WE are receiving bids on new cruisers so as to get them done in time to throw them on the next naval conference scrap-heap.—*Dallas News.*

THE announcement that a Virginian has raised white blackberries recalls that blackberries are red when they are green. —*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST says the world does not rotate steadily, but wobbles. Anybody who has ever been seasick has noticed this.—*Southern Lumberman.*

ALBANIA'S new King and Dictator spends eighteen hours a day at his desk. Apparently King Zog insists on reading what he dictates.—*New York Times.*

BLONDES blush more than brunettes, according to a scientific investigator. But that doesn't necessarily mean that blondes blush such an awful lot.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

THE Society of American Magicians in session in New York prudently refrained from trespassing on the Congressional glory of materializing farm relief.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE old-fashioned man who didn't believe the "wet paint" sign has a son who puts his faith in a "prewar" liquor label. —*Dallas News.*

THE public is urged to eat spaghetti as a substitute for potatoes. It isn't so fattening because eating it is also a substitute for exercise.—*Kay Features.*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES says that any man who gets married has to sacrifice 50 per cent. of his individual liberty. Thou optimist, John.—*Camden Post.*

CONGRESS has ordered the next census to begin on April 1. Which may be a delicate hint as to what Congress thinks of the majority of us.—*San Diego Union.*

SINCE this is the age of indorsements, we wonder if the Du Pont people have thought of getting Senator Borah to indorse a brand of dynamite.—*Kay Features.*

TWO young thugs were sent to jail the other day for taking $7 out of a newspaper man's pockets. That's the sort of thing that put Houdini on the stage.—*San Diego Union.*

AN ape man has been discovered near Mexico City, and the Prince of Wales has been engaged and disengaged again. In short, the summer news famine is here.—*The New Yorker.*

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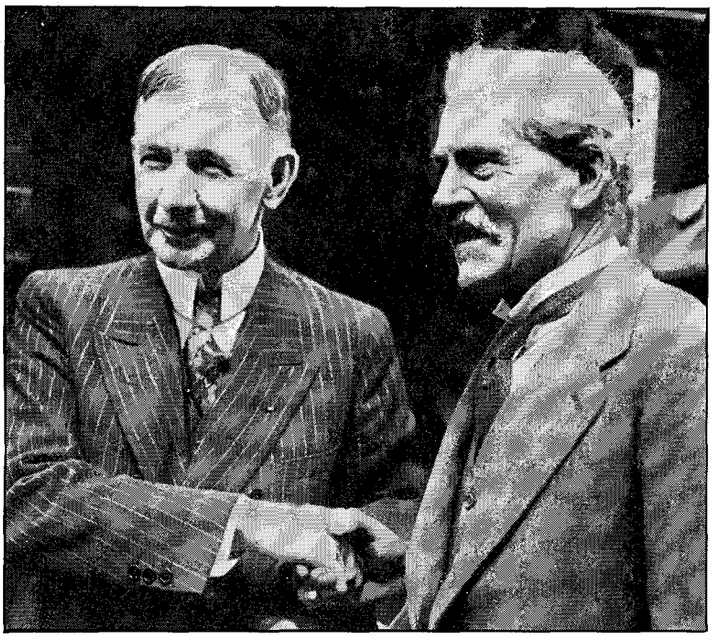
FOREIGN - COMMENT

EUROPE'S WET BLANKET ON OUR NAVAL IDEALISM

BY THE TIME THE WORLD-RENOWNED DAWES was in conference with the equally renowned Labor Prime Minister of England, continental European dailies were in a state of the densest bewilderment. There is to most of them a baffling mystery in the present phase of Anglo-American relations; there is an unknown factor of frustration at work between official London and official Washington. The point has been made in one form or another by newspapers so well informed as the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, the Paris *Matin*, the Rome *Tribuna*, and the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. Sometimes this fatal influence will be traced to the Quai d'Orsay (when a German daily acts as interpreter). Again we find that Mussolini is to blame, as is hinted by the Vienna daily, unless, it adds, the mysterious interference emanates from Poland. The truth seems to be that the continent of Europe is agog over Anglo-American relations. Its best-informed newspapers are persuaded that if a pact of a naval kind be put through, the whole edifice of continental European diplomacy will collapse in ruins to the ground. Whether it be the Fascism of Mussolini or the Quai d'Orsay of Poincaré, or the Soviet power of Stalin, or the Poland of Pilsudski, or the Little Entente of Benes, there can be no doubt, if we credit the Berlin *Vossische*, that Anglo-American relations are deeply involved in continental European complications. And yet apart from those complications it is not easy for the *Neue Freie Presse* to see how the Americans can reckon without Britain's love for France. The whole point of the Anglo-French combination, it remarks, is in the relative size of the British fleet, for should Great Britain reduce her fleet to please America, what will become of France, faced as she is by a formidable Fascism? Americans do not know, our Vienna contemporary suspects, that French domination on the European continent is based as much as anything on the power of the British fleet. Britain can not reduce her fleet to please us without displeasing the Quai d'Orsay. The mere possibility that Britain may reduce her fleet compromises France in the eyes of Poland. It is Poland who really makes a naval agreement doubtful. As for Rome:



EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, AND LOSSIEMOUTH, SCOTLAND

The prominence attained by Charles Gates Dawes and James Ramsay MacDonald seems inconsistent with recent disparagements of small-town men.

"Italian diplomacy, which enjoys a constructive leadership ever conscious of its purpose, which has a certainty of touch which the keenest foe of Fascism can not deny, Italian diplomacy in the Near East, and especially in Turkey, has attained an influence rapidly rising into supremacy. And now Italian diplomacy seeks to lure Poland herself from her traditional relationship to France. Count Zaleski certainly clings to the ties binding Paris and Warsaw, if only for the sake of the promised brotherhood in arms in the event of a Polish-Russian war. But the man higher up, Marshal Pilsudski, manifestly means to show his own independence in the face of the whole world. He means to show that Poland is no mere hanger-on, a diplomatic incidental, a stop-gap to be used for any one's sake.

"The visit of the Polish Foreign Minister to the Powers of the Little Entente to conclude treaties of mutual friendship betrays the initiative and the individualized aim behind it. And in Paris it is not at all possible for the Quai d'Orsay to contemplate with any particular delight the clashing currents of opposing diplomatic aims in Central Europe. Yet France must stick to the Little Entente because it is the best and strongest bulwark against the grand rush upon the sacred sanctions of the peace treaties. It is not so easy to infer that French diplomacy is in harmony with that of Czechoslovakia, when on the eve of the Belgrade conference the conviction grows that Mr. Benes means to put through a full recognition of Soviet Russia. France can scarcely want that, because she is so closely tied to Poland, and because the anti-Bolshevik spirit can not tolerate the least weakening of any armed might holding back her Eastern peril. France is thus in double servitude, for Poland is even more than Czechoslovakia disposed to go alone and to seek new friends."

American public opinion has not reckoned with these and other complications, sighs the Paris *Figaro*. This melancholy observer is disposed to envy a Government which, like our own, does not have to reckon with neighbors as difficult to deal with as those of France. The Americans will not understand why it is not so easy to cut down the British fleet offhand. But, it feels sure, competent American diplomatists are well aware of the agitation inspired in continental European chancelleries by our new naval policy. All the efforts of our Government to hold aloof from continental European factors in diplomatic dealings with London have proved futile, according to the *Giornale d'Italia*. Nor has the new British Ministry managed to soothe the ruffled susceptibilities of the French, to say nothing of the agitation of the Poles, altho it overlooks the anguish of Mussolini. Now and then one finds a Continental daily commenting detachedly in this cynical style of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt:*

"The realistic diplomatic instincts of the British and of their cousins on the other side of the ocean save them at a critical moment from sacrificing their vital interests for the sake of a mere idealistic phrase. Any one, who in the light of the many conflicting experiences of the past few years could still take seriously the merely verbal idealism of the Americans, must now admit with grief that he is the richer by one more disillusion.

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For he too must see that at this moment America is sacrificing her rosy-hued idealism on the altar of her naval interests. Britain herself did the same thing a year ago.

"We are unable to infer that the genial Gibson, America's capable envoy in Belgium, will find it at all painful to pour a healing balm over the wounds of M. Poincaré. Gibson's love for the French flag he has shown already. During the World War he manifested it constantly in Belgium side by side with the gentleman who is now President of the United States. Such memories of great days spent together during a glorious past can not lightly be erased from the memory.

"Official Washington naturally seeks now to gloss over all connection between its present deference for France and its latest naval proposition to Great Britain. This effort can scarcely be successful, at least not so far as Great Britain is concerned. Ever since the conclusion of the Franco-British pact, the great significance of France as a factor on the chess-board of Anglo-Saxon diplomacy is manifest. It is true that if the present leaders of opinion in Great Britain be asked about this delicate subject, they take refuge in a cloud of evasions or in silence. . . .

"America beyond all doubt has given France full leave to retain her compulsory universal military service, her well-trained reserves, her air bombs, her poison-gas, and her hard-won right to tread underfoot the unarmed vanquished of the Versailles Treaty. America has given France this freedom under the tacit assumption that France in turn will allow the two Anglo-Saxon Powers to settle the question of naval disarmament between them."

THE NEXT STEP IN EUROPE

THE NEXT STEP IN EUROPE is "obviously the evacuation of the Rhineland." Thus the *New Statesman* of London. There can not, it adds, be any further excuse for delaying it. Nearly a page and a half of its space is devoted to the topic, while that most Parisian of British experts on foreign affairs, Sisley Huddleston, expresses the strongest feeling. "No denunciation can be too strong of the ten years' occupation of Germany." "Fine speeches in Geneva, in Paris, in London, are offset by the persistence of this occupation." Nor should it be assumed, he adds, that there will now be French opposition to the evacuation of the Rhineland. All this and much other comment like it in English papers appeared just before the exciting scene of the other day in the Reichstag at Berlin. Foreign Minister Stresemann then declared, amid loud applause, that Germany would never purchase an evacuation of the Rhineland by any further submission to military "controls."

At any rate, if we are to believe the Paris *Matin*, the evacuation of the Rhineland will soon be an accomplished fact. But the idea fills the *Action Française* of Paris with fury:

MEN'S FASHIONS DO CHANGE

WORLD ARMAMENT: "What kind of clothes am I to get next?"

—Montreal *Star*.

"The crime against our native land (to use the words of Marshal Foch) is about to be perpetrated. Poincaré, the little, Briand of Locarno, and Paul the prudent Painlevé, hero of the military mutinies, will pull the cord attached to the fuse of their fireworks. They call this the liquidation of the war. It would be more accurate to call it the liquidation of France. We have already said many a time what this evacuation of the Rhineland really means. It means the possibility for Germany on a day chosen by herself to wage war and deliver battle on our soil instead of her own. Every day for more than a year the German press—even organs pretending to be Republican like the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—multiply their menaces and insults. The wireless radio stations of all Germany are clamoring for the annexation of Austria and proclaiming the unalterably Teutonic nature of Alsace.

"As in 1911, 1912, 1913, the Allies of the World War sing the Boche tune after every incident that comes up day by day. Sometimes it is on the subject of airship circulation and transports, sometimes it is on the subject of reparations, sometimes it is on the subject of the Polish Corridor, sometimes it is on the subject of German language minorities.

"One would have to be blind not to see that the war is again bursting upon us at an accelerated speed, and that the form it will take will be a sudden attack in the direction of Poland supported in the very teeth of the Allies with a storm of poison gas."

THE OLD ADAM

"Come along now, Adam! You promised to give it all up after that last big fight."

—Glasgow *Bulletin*.

While the French press in this fashion seem to take the evacuation of the Rhineland for granted, German dailies are in a state of alarm at a possible postponement of the entire project. Altho Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, and Briand, the French Foreign Minister, went into the whole topic lately at Madrid, the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* is afraid that powerful French forces are working to frustrate the evacuation of the Rhineland, and this, too, it adds, in the face of an implied pledge that the achievement of the Young plan at the reparations conference would be a prelude to the inevitable departure of France from so precious a soil.

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ANOTHER SPASM: Internal trouble in China.
—Dublin *Mail.*

RUSSIA: "Wait, I must attend a disarmament conference."
—Milan *Meschino.*

WHO SAID FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE ARE BETTER THAN A CYCLE OF CATHAY?

FENG UNFATHOMED BUT UNCOWED

THE LONG AND WORDY DUEL between Feng and Chiang remains the key to the immediate future in China. To that extent the best-informed newspapers on the continent of Europe in closest touch with Moscow sources of information seem practically agreed. Even the great newspapers of England which take little stock in Feng can not dismiss him as the absurd person of Chiang's inspired dispatches from Chiang's own capital. Weeks have elapsed since the flight of Feng. Regularly, the champions of Chiang issue bulletins from Shanghai, from Nanking, from other convenient places, to the effect that Feng has "faded." Yet those German dailies which are in closest touch with Moscow (and Feng seems to have powerful friends there still) assert that this mysterious man must emerge. The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* conjectures that the spotlight may be flashed any day upon a Chinese setting of which Feng will be the leading man. We have the same daily wondering again if Feng may be gaining time for further communication with the Soviet world. Behind the recent rupture of diplomatic relations between the Red Government at Moscow and the more or less constituted government of China, this German daily detects the hand of Feng. In this medley of interpretation the impressions of the well-informed Robert Lambel in the Paris *Illustration* attain an effect of clarity:

"The repose resulting from the triumph of the south over the north has lasted but nine or ten months. The Government of the Kuomintang, installed at Nanking, despite all efforts to collect within its fold under a general name the most varied elements of the party, has remained central only in name. It has never been able to get itself obeyed beyond the limits of a few provinces surrounding the capital. And even this result was due to the good-will of exalted military chiefs who persisted just the same in keeping their armies intact through dread of an unexpected event.

"The great peril consisted and still consists in the enormous number of useless and idle troops obeying only their own local chiefs.

"To be sure, as long ago as last January in consequence of an important official and military conference at Nanking a decree demobilizing the troops was issued. But it remains a dead letter.

"Moreover, the moment the central constituted authority at Nanking, within the sphere of influence and action of General Chiang, dared to lay hand on the regiments of its former allies (now its colleagues in the Government) they protested, and finally rebelled against the 'usurpations' of a man who under democratic aspects found an opportunity to become Chief Magistrate of the new Government. He thinks (it is charged) of nothing but a dictatorship of his own. Thus are we once more faced with the rivalry, long checked, of four or five great military chiefs who promised to work together for the victory over the North."

BETWEEN GOD AND CÆSAR AT ROME AGAIN

"GIVE UNTO GOD what is God's, and then give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's—nothing more, nothing less." In these words a leading organ of Italy, the *Giornale d'Italia*, gives its principle for settling the dispute between the Pope and the Duce. This quarrel was reviewed in our issue for June 22, quoting the words of the two spiritual and temporal protagonists. Now the comments of the European press arrive and tell us how the disagreement is viewed by the neighbors. Some incline to the view that the treaty of peace is already imperiled, and altho the Paris *Temps* is not quite so gloomy in its forecast, it remains persuaded that "the controversy between the Pope and the 'Leader' on the subject of the Lateran accords is not exhausted. It comes up, on the contrary, under conditions that can not fail to rivet the gravest attention throughout all the world." What seems most to have disturbed the Pope, according to the *Koelnische Zeitung*, was the implication in all Mussolini's speeches that the Fascist leader is in some way empowered by the new arrangements to discuss Christian faith, to make statements about it as if he were "above" the sovereign Pontiff himself. Thus Mussolini's conception of the relations between Church and State suggest that the State is final and absolute judge in any controversy involving the spiritual power with the secular authority. This consideration and others like it inspire the thought, to go back to what the Paris *Temps* says, that "there will yet be difficult hours in the relations of the Vatican and the Italian Government after the arrangement of the Roman question." The Fascists went far:

"Perhaps there was too much emphasis by the Fascist side upon the fact that this arrangement comprises for Mussolini an unprecedented political success. We have been shown the Holy See contenting itself with a purely illusory temporal sovereignty under the form of a Vatican city, whereas the sovereignty of the Italian State remains absolute.

"The 'leader' in effect formally denies the coexistence on Italian soil of two sovereignties. He affirms that within the framework of the State the Church is not sovereign.

"He even assumes after a fashion to put the Roman Catholic Church in a position behind the Fascist State. This he does, among other things, in affirming that Italy enjoys the privilege of being the only European nation that is the seat of a universal

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religion. Moreover, since the official protection accorded the Roman Catholic religion inspires anxiety in certain Fascist circles, the 'Leader' is proceeding to a quite new elucidation of principles."

What peculiarly affronts the Vatican is Mussolini's temerity in undertaking to say wherein the greatness and the power of the Roman Catholic religion really consist—here the interpretation of the great French daily coincides with that of a number of its German contemporaries:

"To tell the truth, it seems that after the signing of the Lateran accords there is a total difference of standpoint. In what concerns freedom of conscience, for example—a principle which no modern State could rationally think of suppressing—the Pope affirms that if it be meant that conscience is outside the province of the State, if it be meant (where conscience is concerned) that the Church is the only competent authority by virtue of the divine command, then it inevitably follows that in a Catholic nation freedom of conscience and freedom of speech must be understood and practised according to Catholic doctrine and Catholic law.

"Disdainful as they may be in their attitude toward liberalism generally, it is scarcely credible that the Fascists could admit such a proposition without giving up the essential principles of Fascism itself."

Meanwhile, the Vatican city and State enjoy a full constitutional existence. There is no reason to fear that the impending crisis will assume forms inconsistent with the more or less regular appearance in due time of the Pope outside the limits of the new State and city. But it is not at all likely, this authority says, that the Pope will make any such elaborate series of visits throughout the Catholic world as recent sensational dispatches contemplate. It is conceded that the Vatican is "disedified" by recent utterances in the Fascist press of Rome. Mussolini is said to be unable to understand this. He thinks the Italian press on the whole most deferential to the Holy See in its recent comment. Here is a specimen from the Rome *Tribuna* which is said to have been revised by the "leader" himself before it appeared:

International Newsreel photograph

HE, TOO, FIDDLES AT ROME

The violin is an instrument to which Mussolini is devoted, but not so devoted that he would go on playing it if the Eternal City were afire.

"Above all he [Mussolini] was bent upon asserting the patriotic character, the patriotic spirit, the patriotic sources of the reconciliation with the Pope. The Lateran Agreements are not in contradiction with the spirit of the new Italy. They take their place in the historical progress from which the revival of Italy also took its origin.

"The reconciliation is a completion of the plan to bring Italy back even if that reconciliation seems to be opposed to the attitude of certain patriots of that period in Italian history known as the Risorgimento. The greatest men of that era have not always understood, nor correctly interpreted, the real spirit of the Risorgimento. Precisely, as recent Popes did not understand their own temporal power, the wear and tear upon it, its inevitable passing, and the impossibility of its revival, so many men of the Risorgimento did not understand certain urgent necessities of the new historical development of Italian unity. These men erred particularly in drawing an absolute distinction for all time between the political self-consciousness and the religious consciousness of our country.

"Now what was seen in this domain by the greatest political genius of that period, Camille Cavour, may be judged as truly in accord with the genuine spirit of the Risorgimento. The conquest of Rome by armed might was but a last resort. It was not the means that would have been chosen by the best minds and the large majority of Italians to attain the end, if they had been at liberty to choose.

"The law of guaranties was but a provisional arrangement. It comprised a temporary expedient and not the solution which the revolutionists striving for Italian unity would have adopted had they not been confronted by the rock of the pontifical will.

"As regards the relations between Church and State, Mussolini adopts the idea of Cavour with which his political genius, essentially realistic and practical, has most affinities.

"The second necessity with which Benito Mussolini complied was that of not yielding an inch of Italian soil. The national flag was not taken to or from any point. The Pope has been awarded in full sovereignty only some acres of territory above which the Italian flag never flew, and upon which no authority of the Italian State ever set foot supremely.

"Benito Mussolini has proved absolutely that no abdication or diminution of the sovereignty of the Italian State took place by the stipulations of the treaty. In resuming her relations with the Church, Italy has no doubt declared herself a Catholic nation, but she remains an independent and sovereign State face to face with the Church as she is face to face with any other international or supernational power.

"The Italian State has a soul and a moral character historically formed during the period of the Risorgimento and later stabilized and perfected through the medium of Fascism. This ethical character can not be confused with Catholic sentiment and Catholic faith, which sentiment and which faith are those of the great majority of Italian subjects. Still less can this ethical character be confused with the outdated conceptions, fundamentally theocratic, which the Church herself has given up forever. The Fascist State is as far from these theocratic ideas as it is from the agnosticism of democratic and liberal governments."

To the world outside of Italy the crisis persisting between the Pope and the Fascist State arises from a still disputed sovereignty. The idea is sound enough, concedes the *Giornale d'Italia*, but the immediate application of the idea concerns the education of the young. The Pope is unduly agitated by the forms under which the physical education of the young must proceed in a modern State. There is not the slightest intention to make physical education an excuse for undermining Christian faith:

"Is this a twofold topic important to God as well as to Cæsar? Perhaps. That is why it was considered in the concordat.

"The solution as set forth by Mussolini leaves no doubt as to where is drawn the dividing line. Let the youth of the country be given a Christian education by competent men qualified to discharge this delicate task, let them grow up morally sound and sincerely Catholic. But let not the State surrender on that account its function of training up citizens with a passion for their country and the physical strength to defend it. If this has always been the essential anxiety of every nation on the globe, it must be the business still more particularly of Italy herself, altho it is a mission which for generations was neglected by Italy and never fulfilled in the case of her children. It must not be forgotten that Italy must make up for all the time she lost before she was unified. She must recover her traditions, find once more her soul, her will. This is not a matter for different authorities, it is no mixed matter. It is Italy's right, her duty, her destiny. First of all, give unto God what is God's, and then give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's—nothing more, nothing less."

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THE SCISSORS ART GLORIFIED

THE SILHOUETTE MUST RECEIVE a new name when it becomes such an art as is practised by Ugo Mochi, now working in New York. We think of the numberless and rather dead portraits in outline bequeathed by the past, and collected by many; but the reaction is often boredom to those not bitten with a collector's enthusiasm. What is made by this Florentine artist, who studied sculpture, but prefers a knife to a chisel and a piece of tough black paper or bits of brilliant silk to stone, is not the scissors art of the past. He is more draftsman or etcher, and his medium is handled more in the manner of these craftsmen. His nearest relatives in art, it has been pointed out, are the Greek vase painters or the Egyptian decorators of ancient times. The fine and delicate lines of his pictures at first suggest the black and white draftsman, but when these lines are lifted from the white paper background which sets them off, the wonder of this virtuosity grows. In a recent issue of *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) attention is called to an important specimen of Signor Mochi's work hanging in the St. Regis Hotel, in New York City, of which *The Monitor* speaks in this wise:

SURROUNDED BY HIS ART

Ugo Mochi in a self-portrait framed by his delicate and suggestive manipulation of the silhouette in a form not known in earlier years.

"It must be admitted that the panel lacks the jewel-like quality of fine stained glass, but this fact is due less to the craft itself than to the placement of the panel, which depends for illumination from the rear on artificial light instead of on the mellow and changing play of sunshine, and which must compete with the high lights of an illuminated interior instead of glowing amid enveloping shadows, as is the privilege of church windows.

"The technique of this new art expression derives from that of the silhouette, a form which Signor Mochi has carried into fresh fields by means of exceptional skill. The silhouette has been most closely associated with portrait work. One may imagine that it was originated by some Arcadian shepherd, who, seeing against a wall the shadow of a beloved face, breathlessly traced the outline with a sharp stone. All primitive peoples and many skilful draftsmen down the centuries have thus perpetuated form in its simplest aspect.

"The modern silhouettist, however, works with scissors and snips his picture freehand out of paper. This is usually black, and is eventually pasted on a white background. In some cases the form is outlined in gold, or realism may be sought by the application of a few locks of hair from the subject's head, or by painting in details of dress. Occasionally gold leaf is used instead of black paper, and preserved between glass, and there is even precedent for silk in carrying out certain details.

"To this simple art, however, Signor Mochi has contributed an original genius and an amazing craftsmanship. He uses an exceedingly tough paper which must be wide enough to carry his design, and which when cut into hairlike lines will not tear. This paper he spreads horizontally on an immense table, constructed for the purpose, and with etching tools he cuts into it and through it with tracery which forms the framework of his picture. The effect is almost that of lace, altho the process, of course, is the reverse; is a cutting away instead of building up. It has an advantage over the leads of stained-glass windows, inasmuch as it varies in thickness from heavy lines, like those in the tree trunk, to such thin lines as are apparent in the plumage of the peacocks. Moreover, as has been stated already, it is an intrinsic part of the pattern instead of a mere support, as are the 'tapes' and 'cores' which sustain glass mosaics.

"The silks are cut, not with scissors, but with a tool similar to that which incises the paper. They are, of course, shaped to fit the pattern, like the opus sectile of stained-glass mosaics. Sometimes the pieces are superimposed to give a profounder tone. In building the sky, for instance, in the illustrated panel, Signor Mochi uses at the top single layers, but at the horizon the hue is intensified by the mixture of light through several surfaces. This device is employed also to produce shadows."

During an exhibition in Philadelphia, Mr. C. H. Bonte surveys the artist's varied work in *The Inquirer* of that city:

"That the work of Signor Mochi has a distinctly practical and royal application is noted in two wonderful designs for candelabra shades, made for Princess Mary of England. A frieze, eleven meters long and depicting the triumph of Cæsar, intended to be illuminated from behind through strips of colored silk, is the property of ex-King Manuel of Portugal, while a delicate Louis XVI design was executed for the Duke and Duchess of York. A group of studies of Tuscan olive-trees is intended for the permanent collection of Windsor Castle.

"All the dancing series were executed from life at the Wembley Exposition. In these nearly every country of the world is represented, and even our own American Indian plays his vigorous part. In the animals, birds and insects division there are more than 500 specimens, tho only a comparatively few are here shown. Most of these are far from formal, ordinary conceptions; each has its own charms of composition, design and pattern. A long panel of the Tuscan harvest is instinct with the adoration Signor Mochi feels for his own city and province, but with an almost equally strong imprint of nationalism he has

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portrayed London's Rotten Row of 1830, in which can be seen the rear, the middle and the far side of the Row, all in perspective and worked out with infinite detail even unto the blades of grass. The Spanish bullfights and scenes in Sevillian cabarets are likewise tinged with the spirit of the land in which they were 'cut.'

"Then there is the group embodying the carts of various European countries; scenes of life in Sienna; coaching and other forms of horsey sport in sundry lands at various periods; the history of locomotion, of sports and of aviation, from the early efforts of Icarus, through Leonardo da Vinci to Bleriot. Fairy-tales of many lands have been quaintly illustrated in a way which should easily fascinate the eye of childhood, and the every-day life of almost any city (particularly, perhaps, Philadelphia) is represented in a series of street-paving episodes."

EPSTEIN NETTLES THE MAN IN THE STREET AGAIN

THE MAN IN THE STREET gets on Mr. Epstein's nerves. Or perhaps the reverse is nearer the truth. Shivers over his figure of "Rima," set up in Regents Park, London, have hardly yet been warmed down when gooseflesh is raised on London's back by his titanic figures of "Night" and the sleeping manchild on the new underground railway offices over St. James's Park Station. "Most of the women who looked at it grew satirical, and even angry," reports the London *Daily Mail*, after the figures had been exposed to public view; "men grinned, and children laughed aloud." The London *Times* thus describes Mr. Epstein's work:

"'Night,' which represents a woman of Egyptian type, with closed eyes, holding a child across her knees and soothing him to sleep, is composed of three blocks of Portland stone forming structural parts of the building, a condition of the work being that it should be carved direct *in situ*. The woman is seated on a ledge of the boundary wall, supported by gray granite columns with black marble capitals, which runs round the kite-shaped base of the building, immediately above a doorway, thus forming a striking central feature. The horizontal figure of the child follows the line of the wall, and the general 'movement' of the composition, broad and simple, may be described as that of two triangular scrolls, both starting from the head of the child. One runs along his body and turns at his knees to descend, and the other runs up the right arm of the woman and across her shoulders to return along her left forearm to her soothing hand. A contrary movement is set up by the incised lines of the drapery, and it is largely upon the slow movement in the main masses that the dignity of the work depends. The group, which is placed 15 feet above the ground, with a continuous string-course at the base, is 9 feet high, and carved in full relief to an extreme depth of about 3 feet. Strictly speaking, comment should be reserved until the building is completely uncovered, so that everything can be seen in its intended relations, but the monumental simplicity of Mr. Epstein's work is already evident."

The Daily Mail took notes of the opinions of passers-by, and thus furnishes some art-judgments of the "man in the street":

"A Young Man: 'Of course, it's a joke. Epstein must be dying of laughing at the people who take it seriously.'

"A Young Woman: 'It's rather like a statuette of Buddha I've got at home.'

"An Elderly Woman: 'What a horrible face he's given the queer creature. And that child she seems to be spanking is like no child that ever was born.'

"Another Elderly Woman: 'If you ask me, my dear, the whole thing is gruesome. Why couldn't they have made something beautiful?'

"A Postman: 'My youngster models better-looking things with plasticine.'

"An Elderly Man: 'What I can't understand is the idea of having the thing on the building at all. It's an eyesore—an expression of brutality.'

"The briefest remark was that made by a man who was asked by a bespectacled woman: 'Is that "Night"?'

NOT STAINED GLASS BUT PAPER AND SILK

A detail of Ugo Mochi's panel at the St. Regis Hotel, in New York City, where the interstices of the cut paper are filled with a mosaic of brilliant bits of silk, making a glowing picture.

"'No, madam,' he replied, 'Nightmare.'

"Several prominent artists who were asked to give their opinions of the sculpture told a *Daily Mail* reporter that they 'preferred not to talk about it.'

"The Hon. John Collier said: 'I have seen only a photograph of "Night," but that shows it to be perfectly hideous. The head of the woman seems hardly human. It is more like that of an ape.'"

Mr. Epstein, instead of growing callous to the popular opinion of his monumental sculptures, shows some asperity in discussing the case with an *Evening Standard* reporter:

"'One does not ask this "man in the street" his opinion of good music,' said Mr. Epstein. 'One goes to hear it oneself, and forms an opinion of the work on its own merits.

"'So why ask him about sculpture?'

"I reminded him that 'Night' is in a prominent position in a busy London street, on a public building and therefore more likely to be seen by many thousands of 'ordinary' people than most works of art.

"Mr. Epstein said:

"'Nature does not appear to the artist as she does to the ordinary, non-creative man. In all beauty there is an element of strangeness, of unfamiliarity, which ordinary non-creative people find alarming.

"'Few people would care to have an Egyptian statue in their house; it would frighten them.

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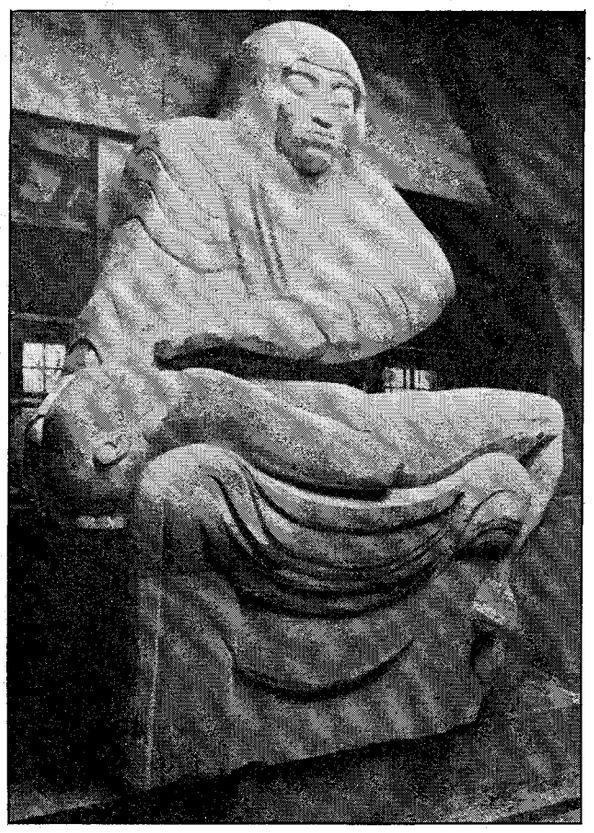
"'Non-creative people have muddled ideas about what is beautiful.

"'Millions of them confuse their own sentimental, personal, human ideas with the abstract idea of beauty. Therefore unfamiliar beauty frightens them.

"'Now, with "Night"—perhaps, as you have just said, there is a touch of the inhuman in the figure.

"'That is appropriate to the vast, vague idea of night. You could not personify such an idea by an ordinary, pretty human figure.

"'There were so many different ideas to express in that figure that I found it difficult to express them all.'



EPSTEIN'S LATEST CHALLENGE

This "somnolent" god of "Night" lulls his man to sleep but awakens the men and women in the street to protest.

"I remarked that, to me, this figure of 'Night' seemed beautifully calm.

"'Yes. It's almost somnolent, isn't it,' said Mr. Epstein. 'That's what I wanted to get into it.

"'And that hand—that great hand, which people seem to find so ugly, is meant to be compassionate, soothing the sleeping man.'

"I quoted from 'Macbeth':

> Sleep, that knits up the
> Ravelled sleeve of care——

and he agreed that this also applied to 'Night.'

"'This Indian, Oriental strain in my work—I'm always being criticized for it,' he said. 'It may be natural or deliberate, but I really do not see that it is so horrible.

"'Why this horror of the Oriental note in art? Is it a bad thing? I can not understand it.

"'All this stuff about my wanting to "shock" people, and being a revolutionary in art is nonsense. It is ridiculous.

"'I am conservative—in fact, you might call me the Great Conservative in art!

"'I am a traditionalist; I believe that one learns from the past.

"'The beauty I am trying to conserve is older than the beauty of fifty years ago.

"'Perhaps it is older than the beauty of the Greeks. It goes back to Egypt and India.

"'If there is distortion in my work it is due to the attempt of the artist to render the strangeness of beauty. It is not done to "shock" the man in the street.'"

While Mr. Epstein finds a defender, the public finds an accuser in Mr. James Douglas of the London *Daily Express:*

"In art it is unfamiliarity that breeds contempt. Mr. Epstein is right in his contention that there is an element of strangeness or unfamiliarity in beauty. We are frightened by a work of genius because it smashes the familiar caricatures of beauty stuck in our mind by the dull, dead, and dreary things in the dustbins of literature and art.

"'Night' is stone flung into our conventional glass houses. It wrecks all our Crystal Palaces. It makes us suddenly sick of the sickly statues that litter our streets. We curse Mr. Epstein for our qualms and our queasiness and our squeamishness. We hate him because he has forced us to swallow an emetic.

"We had digested and assimilated 'Peter Pan,' 'Physical Energy,' 'Nurse Cavell,' the Albert Memorial, 'Eros,' the Marble Arch, the Regal, the quadriga on Constitution Hill, the bridecake in front of Buckingham Palace, the frock-coated politicians in Parliament Square, the Royal Courts of Justice, the Mansion House, the Guildhall, and all the generals on horseback in Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, and Piccadilly.

"No wonder 'Night' seems to us a nightmare glued on a nightmare. It is a purge, a cathartic, a katharsis, far too strong for our overloaded stomachs that have been for years congested with the sweetmeats of unimaginative art. We do not like to face the discomforts of having our palates cleansed and our hunger for beauty restored.

"If 'Night' had been excavated in Crete or Stonehenge we should not be so violently ill. Its antiquity would have sugared the pill. We could have gulped it down if it had been administered with the jam of archeology.

"Sterne said that he would go 'fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.'

"I advise you to give up the reins of your imagination as you stand in Broadway, Westminster, and gaze at the strange and unfamiliar lines of beauty in the vast and mysterious figure of primeval night hushing man into the mystery of sleep. Forget your bondage to use and wont. Free yourself from the cant of criticism which is 'so hung round and befetished with bobs and trinkets.'"

THE BELL'S FIRST NOTE—Liberty Bell is two days late for its anniversary, but it will none the less be a welcome addition to the Ferris Series that have graced our covers at intervals of the past months. Valuable, too, are the painter's comments, one of which we here subjoin:

"The interior of the foundry of Pass and Stow, at the time of the testing of the newly cast Liberty Bell. John Pass stands to the right. Isaac Norris, in the gray coat, was chairman of the committee appointed to superintend the purchase of the State House Bell. Benjamin Franklin is speaking to him. A young woman, a relative of Isaac Norris, is about to sound the bell with a hammer.

"Norris writes March 10, 1753, of the first bell cast in and shipped from London—'Our bell was generally liked, but in a few days I hear that it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper without any other violence as it was hung up to try the sound; we concluded to send it back by Captain Budden but he could not take it aboard, upon which two ingenious workmen undertook to cast it here, they have this day opened the mold and have got a good bell, which pleases me much that we should succeed in the greatest bell cast, for aught I know, in British America. The letters I am told are better than the old ones.' April 14, 1753. 'A native of Malta (John) Pass and a son of Chas. Stow undertook to cast our bell; they made the mold and the metal well, but it seems added too much copper to the bell which is now hung—they were so teased by the witticisms of the town that they made a new mold, and will make a second essay.' The new one, the present Liberty Bell, was cast and hung the first week of June, 1753—it did not give great satisfaction but was suffered to stay. It appears that a duplicate of the first bell was ordered from London, paid for, and delivered about this time. All trace of it is lost. The Liberty Bell was taken with others to Allentown in 1778 to escape a possible British raid, and was not rehung until some time after the close of the Revolution."

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BLISS CARMAN

CANADA GAVE BLISS CARMAN LIFE and probably most of his inspiration; the United States was his home for many years, and now that he is dead and the dispute arises over the possession of his ashes he will possibly have to be regarded, as *The Christian Science Monitor* suggests, "an American cosmopolite." He is recalled by the Newark *Evening News* as "the last of a literary group that dominated American poetry during the closing years of the last century." But the changing poetic feeling makes them "seem almost as remote as the writers of Shakespeare's or Shelley's time." Their themes were "nature and love, the nomad life, and the love of country." Of them all "none wrote more melodiously and copiously than Carman, whose very name was a poem, and who in personal appearance and in dominant mood constantly suggested the poet of tradition." A son of the Maritime provinces, of Empire Loyalist stock, he was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, on April 15, 1861. After graduating from the University of New Brunswick in 1881, he studied philosophy, mathematics, and physics at Edinburgh University. Then returning to America he read law, and later passed two years at Harvard studying literature under Prof. Francis Child. If these are not the studies that one expects to find in the life of a poet like Carman, we learn the corrective in the sketch of him written recently by Richard Le Gallienne for the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Whatever his other university honors, it is as a graduate of the University of Out-of-Doors that he is most distinguished, and no poets of nature could have been more fortunately situated to drink deep of her sibylline, romantic lore than were he and his cousin, Charles Roberts, whose 'Heart of the Ancient Wood' is likely to remain a classic when all the 'best sellers' of to-day are forgotten.

"Fredericton is the capital of the province of New Brunswick, which, when it belonged to France, went by the more charming name of Acadie, or Acadia, immortalized by Longfellow, and as near to Arcady in its romantic natural features as its name. It is a region of glittering lakes, rivers and bays, rocky ravines and densely wooded mountain ranges, abounding in wild life, a paradise of the adventurous canoeist.

"The St. John River, on which Fredericton is situated, rises in Maine and empties into the Bay of Fundy. Thus the future poet of nature was surrounded on every side by the romance of land and sea alike, and he whom Louise Imogen Guiney has called 'the biggest of Romanys' had the most fascinating of wildernesses of wood and water to wander in and fill his gipsy heart with the wisdom of the lonely hills and all the various music of Pan and the nymphs. How often, exploring all its haunted secrecies in his canoe, must the young poet have quoted those lovely lines from Virgil's 'Georgic':

Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes
Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.

"Fortunate he who knows the rural gods, Pan and old Silvanus and the sister nymphs—and fortunate are we to whom he has brought so deep and sweet a message from nature's heart that his youth and so much of his manhood were cast in an unspoiled corner of the world, where the eternal voices could still be so clearly and thrillingly heard. No wonder that, as I have said, he carries wherever he goes, at city editorial desks or in social gatherings, the 'murmurs and scents' from that early initiation into the great solitudes."

Carman, in his books like "Low Tide on Grande Pré," and "Songs from Vagabondia," done with Richard Hovey, reflects more of Canada than of his adopted home; but the era of which he was one of the creators had its wide-spread influence here. The New York *Times* speaks of this:

"Born in 1861, he did not begin to write until the greater figures of Victoria's reign were already moving toward their nadir. Their influence on the younger generation of versifiers was on the wane. Especially on this side of the Atlantic was it lessening. America was on the eve of a poetic awakening. Poets substituted the robin for the skylark; and others of the fauna of North America were being taught to walk on metrical feet. The flora of the New World was suddenly seen to be as beautiful as that of the Old. The lyrical spirit likewise experienced a change. American poetry took on buoyancy; it assumed an air of camaraderie. Critics began to talk of poetry's 'pagan revival.' But these poets had no well-defined philosophy; if they were pantheists, they did not think of themselves as such. They imagined no metaphysical bond between themselves and nature; they merely asserted that nature was their playfellow, their boon companion.

"Another phrase became current: 'poetry of the open road.' Man was to be a sort of glorified tramp, dancing, not plodding, down the way of life, with bay-leaves in his hair. Bliss Carman and his friend Richard Hovey brought out their series of 'Songs from Vagabondia.' Their verse immediately became the ritual of a cult."

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POET OF THE OPEN ROAD

Bliss Carman, who led the poetic movement of the early twentieth century dealing with "nature and love, the nomad life, and the love of country"—"poetry's pagan revival."

That Canada's rights to his ashes may be ultimately acknowledged would seem only the just requital of the honors she has recently offered him. Of these *The New Outlook* (Toronto) speaks:

"Carman was honored with the degree of LL. D. from McGill University, and was elected to a Fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada. In 1928 he was awarded the Lorne Pierce Medal of the Royal Society of Canada. In recent years Carman made annual pilgrimages from coast to coast, lecturing in Canadian universities, and giving readings in Canadian towns and cities, his fine personality capturing the hearts of readers to whom he had formerly been but a literary tradition.

"For some years past, Carman, whose mother was of New England descent, has been living in New Canaan, Connecticut. When, on June 8, there came the sudden, unexpected word, 'Carman is dead,' there was a truly personal element in the universal note of sorrow at his passing, and Canadians learned with interest and pride that the Government of New Brunswick was preparing to receive back the ashes of her native son. But before the preparations were concluded word came that Carman's body was to be cremated and his ashes retained in his adopted land. To many Canadians this decision brought a feeling akin to dismay, but Carman still lives, and will live, in the hearts of his countrymen, and in New Canaan there will be a bit of soil which will remain 'forever Canada.'"

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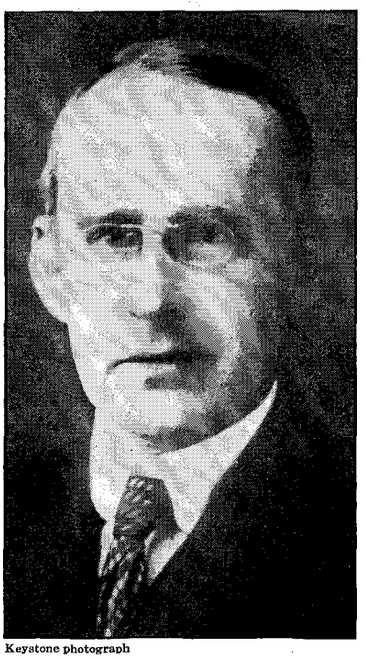
RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

NO NEED TO PROVE GOD'S EXISTENCE

GOD EXISTS, BUT IT IS A WASTE OF TIME to try to prove His existence, holds Prof. Arthur Stanley Eddington, one of the most famous British astronomers and physicists, who believes with other great scientists that there are realms that the scientist can not penetrate, facts of human experience that can not be exprest in the symbols of science. "Our assurance of God," he says, "is consciousness of a relation rather than flawless proof of His existence." Thus Professor Eddington takes a stand with Sir Oliver Lodge, Robert A. Millikan, and others renowned in their field in publicly affirming a conviction that nothing in science negatives belief in God. Rather, the deeper they penetrate into the mysteries of nature, the more they become convinced that there is a power directing and controlling the universe that can not be defined in a mathematical formula. Their evidence may further reassure those who fear that science and religion conflict in the quest for truth. Professor Eddington sets forth his views in the Swarthmore lecture delivered recently at Friends' House in London, and quoted in full in the New York *Times*. "When we assert that God is real," he says, "we are not restricted to a comparison with the reality of atoms and electrons. If God is as real as the shadow of the World War on Armistice Day, need we seek further reason for making a place for God in our thoughts and lives? We shall not be concerned if the scientific explorer reports that he is perfectly satisfied that he has got to the bottom of things without having come across either." Professor Eddington goes on:



Keystone photograph

"OUR ASSURANCE OF GOD"

Says Prof. Arthur Stanley Eddington, famous British physicist and astronomer, "is consciousness of relation rather than flawless proof of His existence."

"We want an assurance that the soul in reaching out to the unseen world is not following an illusion. We want security that faith, and worship, and, above all, love, directed toward that environment of the spirit are not spent in vain. It is not sufficient to be told that it is good for us to believe this, that it will make better men and women of us. We do not want a religion that deceives us for our own good. There is a crucial question here; but before we can answer it, we must frame it.

"The heart of the question is commonly put in the form 'does God really exist?' It is difficult to set aside this question without being suspected of quibbling. But I venture to put it aside because it raises so many unprofitable side issues, and at the end it scarcely reaches deep enough into religious experience. Among leading scientists to-day I think about half assert that the ether exists and the other half deny its existence; but as a matter of fact both parties mean exactly the same thing, and are divided only by words. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred have not seriously considered what they mean by the term 'exist,' nor how a thing qualifies itself to be labeled real. Theological or anti-theological argument to prove or disprove the existence of a deity seems to me to occupy itself largely with skating among the difficulties caused by our making a fetish of this word.

"It is all so irrelevant to the assurance for which we hunger. In the case of our human friends we take their existence for granted, not caring whether it is proved or not. Our relationship is such that we could read philosophical arguments designed to prove the non-existence of each other and perhaps even be convinced by them—and then laugh together over so odd a conclusion. I think that it is something of the same kind of security we should seek in our relationship with God. The most flawless proof of the existence of God is no substitute for it, and if we have that relationship the most convincing disproof is turned harmlessly aside. If I may say it with reverence, the soul and God laugh together over so odd a conclusion."

For this reason Professor Eddington does not attach great importance to the academic type of argument between deism and atheism. "Religion," he says, "does not depend on the substitution of the word 'God' for the word 'nature.'" In fact:

"The crucial point for us is not a conviction of the existence of a supreme God, but a conviction of the revelation of a supreme God. I will not speak here of the revelation in a life that was lived 1,900 years ago, for that perhaps is more closely connected with the historical feeling which, equally with the scientific feeling, claims a place in most men's outlook. I confine myself to the revelation implied in the indwelling of the divine spirit in the mind of man.

"It is probably true that the recent changes of scientific thought remove some of the obstacles to a reconciliation of religion with science, but this must be carefully distinguished from any proposal to base religion on scientific discovery. For my own part I am wholly opposed to any such attempt. Briefly the position is this: We have learned that the exploration of the external world by the methods of physical science leads not to a concrete reality but to a shadow world of symbols, beneath which those methods are unadapted for penetrating. Feeling that there must be more behind, we return to our starting-point in human consciousness, the one center where more might become known. There we find other stirrings, and other revelations (true or false) than those conditioned by the world of symbols. Are not these, too, of significance?

"We can only answer according to our conviction, for here reasoning fails us altogether. Reasoning leads us from premises to conclusion; it can not start without premises. The premises for our reasoning about the visible universe, as well as for our reasoning about the unseen world, are in the self-knowledge of mind. Obviously we can not trust every whim and fancy of the mind as tho it were indisputable revelation; we can and must believe that we have an inner sense of values which guides us as to what is to be heeded, otherwise we can not start on our survey even of the physical world. Consciousness alone can determine the validity of its convictions. 'There shines no light save its own light to show itself unto itself.'"

Coming to the question of a personal God, Professor Eddington thinks it is "of the very essence of the unseen world that the conception of personality should dominate it," for he observes:

"After exhausting physical methods we returned to the inmost recesses of consciousness, to the voice that proclaims our personality; and from there we entered on a new outlook. We have to build the spiritual world out of symbols taken from our own personality, as we build the scientific world out of the symbols of the mathematician. I think therefore we are not wrong in embodying the significance of the spiritual world to

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ourselves in the feeling of a personal relationship, for our whole approach to it is bound up with those aspects of consciousness in which personality is centered."

Religious creeds, thinks Professor Eddington, however, "are a great obstacle to any full sympathy between the outlook of the scientist and the outlook which religion is so often supposed to require." As he sees it:

"The scientific objection is not merely to particular creeds which assert in outworn phraseology beliefs which are either no longer held or no longer convey inspiration to life. The spirit of seeking which animates us refuses to regard any kind of creed as its goal.

"Rejection of creed is not inconsistent with being possest by a living belief. We have no creed in science, but we are not lukewarm in our beliefs. The belief is not that all the knowledge of the universe that we hold so enthusiastically will survive in the letter; but a sureness that we are on the road. If our so-called facts are changing shadows, they are shadows cast by the light of constant truth. So, too, in religion we are repelled by that confident theological doctrine which has settled for all generations just how the spiritual world is worked, but we need not turn aside from the measure of light that comes into our experience showing us a way through the unseen world.

"Religion for the conscientious seeker is not all a matter of doubt and self-questionings. There is a kind of sureness which is very different from cocksureness."

HOPE

By William Thomas Walsh

SINCE one I loved put all his toys away,
And went forth smiling from the narrow room
We call the world, to find beyond our gloom
The Face that children's angels in their play
Look on forever—not once, since that day,
Have I seen ugliness in any tomb;
Only the little door of all men's doom,
Through which our happy dead have marked the way.

O death, kind friend, I see your image now
In all men's eyes, in every form and face;
In this young girl, so lithe, so beautiful,
A skeleton draped in a moment's grace—
And on that great man's grave and handsome brow
The hollow patient wisdom of a skull.

—*America, New York.*

A GLOBE-GIRDLING CHARITY

CAPITAL HAS A CONSCIENCE, as the record for the Rockefeller Foundation for 1928 reminds us, points out the Minneapolis *Tribune* in a brief review of the philanthropic assistance given by that great organization during the past year. During that time the Foundation disbursed $21,690,738 to further the advance of medical science. Fifteen countries shared with the United States the benefits of this tremendous sum. China alone received $12,000,000 as an endowment for the New China Medical Board, Inc., while eighteen hospitals in fourteen other foreign countries received lesser endowments, and fifteen training schools for nurses, representing no less than ten nations, received aid of one sort or another. *The Tribune* points out:

"Over a period of fifteen years the Rockefeller Foundation has disbursed the breath-taking total of $144,189,400 in the promotion of such worthy enterprises. It is impossible to survey its record, and to contemplate its steadily increasing influence as an underwriter of the world's health and as a creator of international good-will, without acquiring a rather hearty contempt for the little minds which still deplore, regardless of the purposes to which they are put, the great fortunes which have been accumulated in this country. Granting that these great fortunes have sometimes been put to uses which were singularly selfish and that they have not always been acquired as scrupulously as we might wish, it is still a cold, hard fact that the bulk of the fine philanthropic enterprises for which America is noted would collapse overnight if the Rockefellers, the Couzens, the Harknesses, and the other outstanding capitalists of the nation should suddenly be rendered penniless. The Rockefeller Foundation should remind us that the possessors of this wealth are more often than not deeply sensitive to the responsibilities and obligations it entails, and that they are increasingly regarding it as a public trust to be devoted to the promotion of human happiness."

CHEAPER INSURANCE FOR CHURCHES

CHURCHES WERE A GREATER FIRE RISK a generation ago than they are to-day, and, in fact, in the last two decades of the nineteenth century nearly 6,000 churches, we are reminded, were burned, the loss reaching $20,000,000. In August, 1905, the Church of St. Thomas, New York, a structure of stone, brick and iron, burned as if it were wood, the fire having had a start of about ten hours before its discovery. To-day, however, there is much less risk of fire, and, in order that the insurance rate on churches "should be lower than on any other structure, because there is no moral hazard on a church," fifteen prominent and wealthy Episcopalians of New York recently organized a fire insurance corporation for the Protestant Episcopal Church. The executive vice-president of the corporation says, we read in the New York *Times*, that these churchmen, who are the board of directors, "supplied all the necessary capital so as to give the Episcopal Church a fire insurance company for itself whereby it carries its own insurance," and "will reduce costs by selling direct to churches and their affiliated organizations five-year policies, payable on the instalment plan."

The position of these churchmen, observes the New York *Sun*, is logical, for "candles and electric wiring are the only common causes of fires in modern churches, except when, as was recently the case in Canada, incendiaries express their madness with the torch. North of the Rio Grande the cigaret is not taken into church. The floors and pews offer no inflammable surface. Congregations have no cause to light matches." With modern construction, heating and lighting, then, a church should be a good risk, says *The Sun*, and adds this interesting information concerning church values:

"The value of the Protestant Episcopal edifices of worship was estimated by the Census Bureau in 1926 at $314,000,000—a little less than one-tenth of the value of American churches of all denominations.

"The bureau's tabulated statement of these valuations, in round numbers, including only the twelve largest denominations, is illuminating:

Baptist bodies	$469,835,000
Christian Science	69,416,000
Congregational	164,212,000
Disciples of Christ	114,850,000
Jews	100,890,000
Lutheran bodies	273,409,000
Methodist bodies	654,736,000
Presbyterian bodies	443,572,000
Protestant Episcopal	314,596,000
Roman Catholic	837,271,000
Unitarians	27,713,000
Universalists	15,826,000
Total	$3,486,326,000

"It is estimated that the present value of the churches is above four billion dollars. The fire policies on them amount to about 2 per cent. of the total of all insurance written on American buildings.

"Whether the old underwriters will make an effort to keep the various church authorities from following the example of Mr. Morgan and his colleagues is a subject that is likely to interest the insurance world."

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CHRIST, BUT NOT OUR "CHRISTIANITY," FOR INDIA

CERTAIN MEN IN THE EAST, asserts an Indian philosopher, spend their nights in cursing God because He allowed Western "civilizers" to get into their lands, and *The Indian Social Reformer*, a Hindu-edited paper, says that the Christian missionary has no chance for a hearing now, unless he distinguishes between Christ and Christianity, and between Christianity and Western civilization. In brief, the East, since the war, has become disillusioned concerning what the West has to teach her, and John S. Hoyland, an English missionary and writer, tells us in *The Nineteenth Century and After* that few are willing to admit that the West has really anything to teach India. On the contrary, he says, the majority are deeply concerned lest India be corrupted beyond repair by the pervasive forces of Western civilization.

Such sentiments are no doubt crude, writes Mr. Hoyland, but they most emphatically exist, and it is important that the missionary to educated Indians take them into account. It will avail him little if he speak of the Western ideal of progress as better than the ancient stationary civilization of the East, for the Indian will at once say to him, we read: "Progress toward what? Toward the universal suicide which we saw in the war; toward the industrial system which the largest of Western nations has repudiated; toward the type of domestic and social relationships which we see in the cinema films with which Hollywood floods our country? We do not want that kind of progress." The missionary can do nothing, says Mr. Hoyland, unless he is willing to confess that we in the West have failed to understand Christ and to apply His teaching to an organized society. Mr. Hoyland quotes this from *The Indian Social Reformer* as the sort of argument which faces missionaries to-day:

"Those of us who have some acquaintance with the conditions in Europe know that religion plays no part in their life, least of all in England. It is not a good model to hold up for us who see in England a country given up altogether to irreligion, with immorality plying its ugly trades in the most public way and unashamed. Ninety per cent. of its 'Christians' never attend church, and those that do, merely attend, for such are the observances in Christian churches that the service could take place even if the audience went to sleep, as they frequently do. It is a mistake to let us learn the history of Christianity in Europe if the missionary wishes us to respect his religion. It is said that until the Reformation Christianity was dominated by monks, parasites who lived by begging, lying, persecution; since then by capitalists, parasites who live by robbing, lying, and warring. 'Banish the Gods from the skies and capitalists from the earth,' cry the Socialists and Communists. And these are the results of winning a country for Christ. It may not be the inevitable result of embracing Christianity, in fact we know it ought not to be, for the religion of Christ is a noble doctrine as far as it goes; but this is the inevitable result of accepting the organization which stands for the government of Christ's religion on earth. A recent writer says that the spectacle of the churches of Europe sending up frantic appeals to the same God to give hell to each other in the recent war, so ludicrous were it not so pathetic, is the best proof, were a proof needed, that Christianity has sunk back to the tribal level of a negative morality from which Christianity elevated it to the height of a universal religion centuries ago. The churches have indeed failed their Christ."

The whole situation is summed up, writes Mr. Hoyland, in the saying of the most distinguished of all Indian statesmen, the late Mr. Gokhale: "I am more interested in religion than in politics, and I intensely revere Jesus; but He is handicapped with His connection with the West." More recently, we are told, another distinguished Indian said: "India rejects Christianity, but accepts Christ." How then, confronted by such terrible difficulties, will the missionary attempt his task? In the first place,

"If he approaches his task in the spirit of humility, teachableness, and love, the missionary will find that he gets infinitely more than he gives. His task is that of helping India to find Christ—Christ the Easterner, whom the West has never rightly understood. Again and again the missionary will come across men, not all of them Christians, who love Christ and mirror Him forth in their lives with a power which completely puts us to shame. No one who has come into close contact with Sadhu Sundar Singh can fail to recognize something of the meaning of the Eastern Christ, or can doubt the immense future possibilities of the world's learning fresh truth about Him as India comes to apprehend Him rightly."

Also, we are told, Indians should be encouraged to do the work for themselves, in their own way, for "there is still far too marked a tendency for the Indian Christian Church to take over wholesale from the West, not only such superficial (but still important) matters as dress and nomenclature, but also methods of worship, denominational organization, and so forth." More startling is this:

"A well-known Christian thinker in South India believes that the Indian Christian Church of the future will have to consecrate in the service of Christ many features of Indian worship—*e. g.*, the adoration of images. Here, again, freedom will have to be allowed, however serious may be our apprehension lest what we regard as dangerous errors creep into the life of the Church.

"There are not a few Indian Christians who regard it as essential, if Christ is rightly to be interpreted to India, that portions of the Christian Scriptures should be, to use an unfitting word, 'Bowdlerized.' For example, they feel that considerable portions of the Old Testament, especially the imprecatory psalms, should be omitted, and in the New Testament—to take one example only—the reference to the fatted calf, which has proved a very serious stumbling-block to countless Hindus, should be suppressed. There are other men, true Christians, who would go so far as to say that India will never have much interest in the historical portions of the Old Testament. They would like to see substituted for these a selection from the highest elements in the ancient scriptures of India. Others would wish to see Christianity Indianized by naming Christ by some more distinctively Indian title than the Lamb of God—a name which meant much to a pastoral nation, but means nothing at all in India.

"In these respects, however gravely the missionary may fear an undue tampering with the fundamentals of Christian faith, he will probably be well advised to stand aside and permit his Indian friends to go in their own way about their task of finding the Eastern Christ. We may not be able to agree with all that they do, but we must show them our sympathy and our love, and pray earnestly that the Divine Spirit may guide them aright."

THE PRESENT HELP

By Louise Driscoll

THE wings of God are wide and cast a shadow
Wider than condor's wings or the albatross;
Their shadow is very dark, as dark as midnight,
Their shadow is dark as the shadow of the Cross.

Yet under them shalt thou trust. Evil shall go by thee
Safe in the darkness under thy God's wide wings;
Though thou hear mountains moving and arrows are flying,
Thou shalt be still as a child whose mother sings.

Far outside in the light are thy joy and sorrow;
Forget, forget the pleasant things thou hast left,
Put from thy mind anxiety and hunger,
Hope that was long deferred and love bereft.

Have now no fear of the darkness that enfolds thee,
God's wings are spread as an eagle's over her nest.
The wings of God are wide and safe for hiding,
There in the darkness shall thy soul find rest.

—*The Commonweal, New York.*

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

IN strong contrast to a Japanese tribute to a part of creation little celebrated by poets, is the following from the London *Mercury*. The Japanese poet disposed of the matter in saying: "With his two feet planted on the earth, the toad sings to the stars." The Englishman walks inside the toad's consciousness, but which one realizes the toad?

THE TOAD

By Eric Clough Taylor

The shower has ceased; the patient toad
Elbows his way across the road
And feels upon his wrinkled skin
The quenching moisture sinking in.
He watches with unwinking eyes
Through the tall grass the red moon rise
And into every rain-drop throw
An image of itself below,
A mirrored moon in miniature.
Of itching dust the air floats pure
And the wet earth and leaves exude
Rich sweetness, and he finds it good.
From hemlock and from nettle-tip
Opaline beads of water drip
On his bossed back, and slithering round
To his pale belly, sop the ground.
Like a swart totem he squats low,
With arms akimbo, legs abow,
And maple-mottled hide—a god,
A god in some dim period
Of kindly folk; in precious stones
His eyes were shaped: his head, his bones
By long dismembered hands were hewn
Uncouthly 'neath an Ethiop moon,
Those leathery lips, those scaly lids
Are older than the pyramids. . . .
Beneath a dock-leaf now he lies
Perdu, and snaps at passing flies.

Scribner's adds to our small stock of ballad verse this legend which suggests Washington Irving—with a difference:

VAN BUREN'S COACH

By Wilson MacDonald

Van Buren's Coach is on the road;
It strangely moves from town to town.
At every stop pale folk step down—
A pale and shadowy folk;
And pale and shadowy folk step in—
Whose hands are long and white and thin:
Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
In ghostly cap and cloak.

If you should wake on windless nights
You'll hear Van Buren's Coach go by;
And if the moon is in the sky
You'll see unearthly horses,
In silver costumes dominoed,
Straining along the dustless road
As though they pulled a heavy load
Instead of grinning corses.

Van Buren drives the Coach himself:
His legs are like transparent mull,
And every hair upon his skull
Most carefully is parted.
Black orbs, that hold his sunken eyes,
Are filled with moonlight from the skies:
He was a man beloved and wise
Before his soul departed.

Van Buren loved and loved in vain;
And when he died his spirit grieved
For all who thus had been deceived—
Whose faithful hearts were broken.
And every night his gaunt ghost takes
These mourners in his care, and wakes
Wild echoes on the hills and lakes
A mile above Hoboken.

And no one rides by dark with him
Save those who loved and loved in vain,
And who could never love again
So ardent was their passion.
He takes them back to gate and door
Through which their amours pass of yore,
And here they plead for love once more
In the old, hopeless fashion.

To-night the wind is weird and chill;
A ghostly ring is round the moon:
All morning and all afternoon
A tempest has been brewing.
The lake is wild with crying waves,
And from the churchyard's grassy graves
I hear above the wind, that raves,
A low and sweet hallooing.

And to the road a maiden comes
With wildness in her haunted eyes:
The wind is caught and, strangled, dies
In her ungathered tresses.
She hails Van Buren's Coach: "I came
To tell you, sweetheart, of my shame;
I am alone, alone to blame,"
The lovely maid confesses.

Too late! The ponderous Coach goes on:
It strangely moves from town to town.
At every stop pale folk step down—
A pale and shadowy folk;
And pale and shadowy folk step in—
Whose hands are long and white and thin:
Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
In ghostly cap and cloak.

Love and death pull their different ways in this exquisite little poem in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin), and we venture that love wins:

O LEAVE DEATH TO THE DEAD

By Vivian Connell

O leave death to the dead,
And come and live with me!
No graves grow overhead;
And every bird is free.

O leave death to the dead,
And gather flowers with me!
No graves grow overhead;
Nor coffins on a tree.

Death's safest with the dead;
And thou art safe with me:
O lean thy lovely head—
The dead men will not see!

A subtle bit of art criticism in the June *Century*, showing how the sense of dogma overshadowed the feeling for nature even in the great masters of painting:

THE LITTLE CHRIST

By Elizabeth Newport Hepburn

To see you, painted by those mighty men
Whose magic still outlasts the cynic years,
One might suppose you always sad, a lad
Shadowed by grief and tears.

For rarely do they smile, those haloed Christs,
While Mary has a look of lonely pain;
The shepherds too seem sorrowful, as though
Their King were born in vain.

Yet you were fair and young in old Judea,
You knew the sharp delight of wind and sun,
And boyish games to play, and sleep at night
When play and work were done.

Your little world was big with mortal joys;
You loved your mother's oval olive face,
Her voice, her laugh, the arms that held you close
In passionate embrace.

And how you loved the silly stumbling lambs,
And John, the eager boy beside you there,
Who helped you find bright blossoms in the spring
To bind in Mary's hair!

Poets may not be made, but this contribution to *The Lyric* thinks they may be safely advised:

ADVICE TO WOULD BE POETS

By Mary Sinton Leitch

Would you be a poet,
Be silent till you drink
Deep of a rainbow
At a brook's brink!

You shall tread deftly
Lest beauty be bereaved
By bruising of a flower.
Your spirit shall be grieved

When a bough is broken,
Else from your lips shall come
No elegy, no idyl,
Or Prothalamium.

When you hear the world's laughter
And feel the world's grief
In the wash of a wave,
In the stir of a leaf;

When there shall fall upon you
The shadow of a wing
Though never a bird is in the sky,
Then sing!

America knows too little of modern Japanese verse. Our interest has been aroused by a series of brief lines put into English by Glenn Hughes, with the assistance of a Japanese collaborator, Yozan T. Iwasaki. We find them in *Contemporary Verse*, which is published in Atlantic City:

POEMS

By Takuboku Ishikawa

1

I came to a shop filled with mirrors,
And was amazed
At the miserable spectacle
Of myself walking.

2

I wanted to ride on the train,
But when I got off
I had no place to go.

3

I longed to say something good
Of someone.
I had grown tired
Of my own selfishness.

4

Feeling inclined toward charity,
I agreed with a friend of mine
Who is conceited.

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Wherever you go ~ ~ the New Chevrolet Six will thrill you with its smooth powerful performance!

At every speed, the remarkable valve-in-head motor of the Chevrolet Six delivers its power with a smooth, velvety flow. You can ride and drive for hours at a time without the slightest sense of noise or rumble fatigue.

And never before was a low-priced car so easy and safe to handle. The steering mechanism is equipped throughout with friction-free ball bearings. The new non-locking 4-wheel brakes are powerful, quiet, and respond to the slightest pressure. Gears shift easily and quietly. The clutch is unusually smooth and easy to operate. And the instrument panel is fully equipped with every necessary driving control—including electric motor temperature indicator and theft-proof Electrolock.

Equally impressive are the beauty and comfort of the smart new bodies by Fisher. Styled by master designers whose art has lent distinction to some of America's finest motor cars—and built of selected hardwood and steel, they represent an order of coachcraft never before approached in a low-priced car.

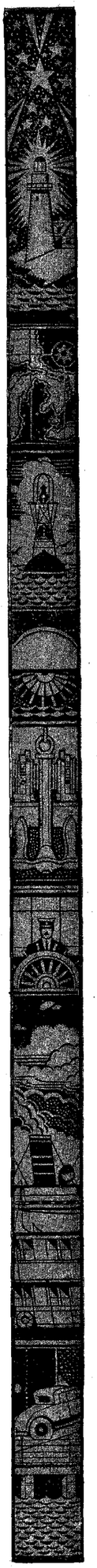
But most remarkable of all, this marvelous six-cylinder performance and outstanding distinction are actually within the reach of *any* person who can afford any automobile. For not only is the new Chevrolet Six available in the price range of the four—but it offers outstanding economy of operation—*better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline*, combined with an extremely low consumption of oil.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The ROADSTER	$525	*The* COACH	
The PHAETON	$525	$595	
The COUPE	$595		
The SEDAN	$675		
The Sport CABRIOLET	$695	*All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan*	
The Convertible LANDAU	$725		
The SEDAN DELIVERY	$595		
Light Delivery (*Chassis only*)	$400		
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis only*)	$545		
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis with cab*)	$650		

COMPARE the delivered price as well as the list price in considering automobile values. Chevrolet's delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR



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SCIENCE ▪ AND ▪ INVENTION

THE AIRPLANES OF FISH LAND

THESE, THE SO-CALLED "FLYING-FISH," tho they are really only animated "gliders," are described and discust in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig) by Karl Max Schneider. He begins by picturing the Mediterranean in an ill-humor. Like glittering mountains its greenish blue waves batter the side of the ship and leave behind honeycombed strands of foam. A silver arrow detaches itself from the snowy crown of foam and shoots into the mountainous waves. Now there are five, then four, after that a dozen, and again a complete swarm. Are they birds of steel or glittering dragon-flies? No, flying-fish. He goes on:

"When the small sparkling fliers start again, I take out my watch to observe how long they can sustain themselves in the air. Most of them only two seconds, some seven and even ten; sometimes a record of as much as twenty seconds has been measured.

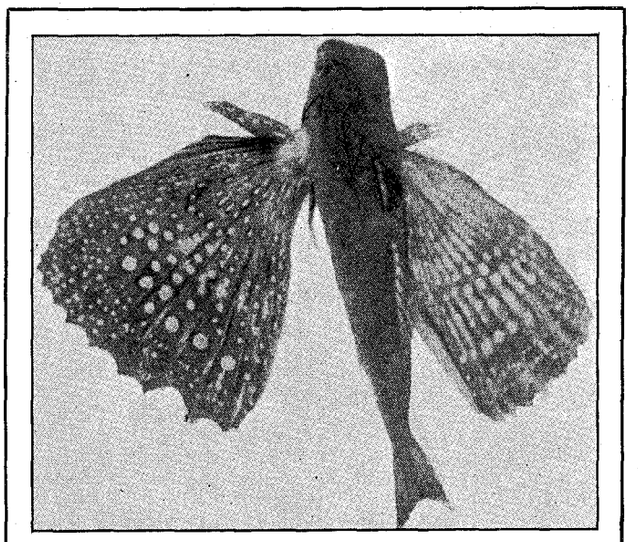
"Equally varied in length is the distance traveled: 15, 100, even 500 feet were estimated. This depends upon the size of the fish, the direction and strength of the wind, etc. Special respiratory equipment is not at the disposal of these strange rovers.

"What can it be that drives them from their moist realm into the thin air? Here evidently it is dread of the fuming, pounding colossus, whose screw flippers buffet the waves. Sometimes it is fear of the shark, sea panther, or dolphin. It is particularly disagreeable if in one's flight one rushes straight into the bill of a hungry gull. But they rise sometimes for a distance flight in mere playfulness. With some, such a 'leap into distance with delayed return' may be aimed at a passing midge.

"To what family does this flying folk belong? Strange as it may seem, it is related to many different fish families of both salt and fresh waters, and is spread over almost all of the warmer zone. There are the narrow-chested hatchet-fishes, from the Amazon River Valley, and the East Indian flying barbel with its parachutelike pectoral fins. Next to this species of carp is the peculiarly finned butterfly fish, a 'herring,' from the rivers of tropic West Africa. Then there is a tiny armored stickleback, whose species, contrary to the aforementioned kinds, inhabits the sea, the Pacific Ocean; the *Pegasus volitans*. It lacks the air-bladder, but has the expanded pectoral fins. Of the same type is the 'flying gurnard,' whose huge pectoral fin is divided into two parts, the anterior very small, while the posterior, blue-spotted and banded like a butterfly, is said to unfurl like a fan. Its body is eighteen inches long, and it lives on the bottom near the coast of the Mediterranean, contenting itself with a meal of worms, small crabs, and shells.

"There still remains to be described a group of apparent double-deckers, by far superior to all those quoted. They are the large-eyed, high-flying fishes proper, represent the pikes, and may be called 'swallow fishes.'

"They grow to be perhaps twelve inches long, have an unusually large air-bladder, and eat small animals. Shoals of them pass through the upper layer of the warmer deep seas, also the Mediterranean."



BUTTERFLY FISH

Really a "herring" from the rivers of West Africa. Strangely enough, the flying-fish is not a distinct species, but "is related to many fish families, and is spread over almost all of the warmer zone."

The flying equipment of these living "planes" is interesting and delicate. And, we learn, authorities are not in complete agreement as to how this equipment is used. Reading on:

"The tail fin has a deep split, and the lower lobe which is strikingly larger, serves as a propeller. With vigorous side-strokes it drives the fish with a short start rapidly over the water, whether it is agitated or smooth as glass; like a rocket it shoots up at an angle of perhaps 45 degrees to a height of six feet, expands its light-blue pectoral and ventral fins so far that all four become flat, glides in a bent position, with the posterior kept down, over the billows, perhaps steering a little with its adjustable supporting planes, and is again swallowed up by the sea.

"Frequently, while 'landing,' the tail resumes its work of rowing and drives the freshly moistened airplane, even before it has reefed its little sails, on to a second, a third, or even as far as a sixteenth aerial excursion. At night the little airplanes, in shimmering scale-dress, may soar above the water as far as fifteen feet, possibly carried along by squalls. It may be that the blaze of a lantern misguides them and lands them on the deck of a ship, where, with their agreeable taste, they bring a welcome change to the sailors' diet.

"The vibration of the fins has been proved to be merely a temporary quivering of the elastic gliding-planes in a heavy gale.

"In the argument as to whether flying-fish sustain themselves above water by the strength of their fin-strokes or only soar like kites, flying lizards, or flying squirrels, the arrangement of the muscles favors the latter view. And yet, as more recent scholars have found, there also occurs a vibration in the case of certain fishes.

"Besides, it is not easy ordinarily to separate meanings like 'fly' and 'swim,' and it is still less so in the doubtful borderland between air and water.

"At any rate, nature has quite well understood how to bring life from below into the intermediate realm of wind and waves, be it for weal or wo."

DESERT WELLS DUG BY AFRICAN ELEPHANTS—To match the many stories of how captive elephants have learned to pile teak logs in Asiatic forests, or to pull wagons out of the mud for American circuses, a German naturalist, Dr. Ludwig Schuster, reports the abilities of African wild elephants in another branch of engineering, we learn from Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York). We read:

"In dry seasons these remarkable animals keep themselves provided with water by digging wells. Natives of all desert regions know that water almost always is obtainable at certain places in the bottoms of the dried-up water courses by digging relatively shallow wells. For years the natives of Tanganyika Territory, in southeast Africa, have maintained that the wild elephants knew this same secret and used it to get water when all moisture had vanished from the surface streams and ponds. In a recent journey across the dry plateau of this territory Dr. Schuster discovered many well-like holes a foot or two in diameter, and sometimes as much as five feet deep. Altho the country was otherwise dry, some of these holes were found to contain a little water at their bottoms. Fresh elephant tracks proved that these animals were still in the country and came frequently to visit these shallow wells, which they undoubtedly had excavated for themselves. Presumably the elephants had scraped out the sand and dirt with their trunks, a little at a time, as the level of the ground water sank gradually below the bottom of what was originally a shallow natural depression in the ground."

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TOO MUCH TOOTH PULLING

INFECTED TEETH SHOULD BE REMOVED, but indiscriminate extraction on mere suspicion should be discouraged, concludes *The Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association* (Fort Wayne, Ind.), which discusses this practise in a leading editorial. The editor reminds us that since foci of infection in various parts of the body may be responsible for serious conditions, some of which threaten life, it has become the custom of physicians to search for foci and, no matter where found, to insist upon their removal. Some of the organs that most frequently offer a basis of attack are tonsils, teeth, and accessory sinuses. In consequence there has been a veritable slaughter of tonsils and teeth, with a growing tendency to drain and ventilate all diseased sinuses. He goes on:

"This is rational, and we may say necessary as long as the procedures are justified. However, there is no doubt that some inoffensive tonsils have been enucleated and not a few sound teeth extracted in this craze to get rid of every avenue of infection. In so far as tonsils are concerned, their removal, if done skilfully, does no particular harm. In the case of teeth, the matter assumes an entirely different aspect.

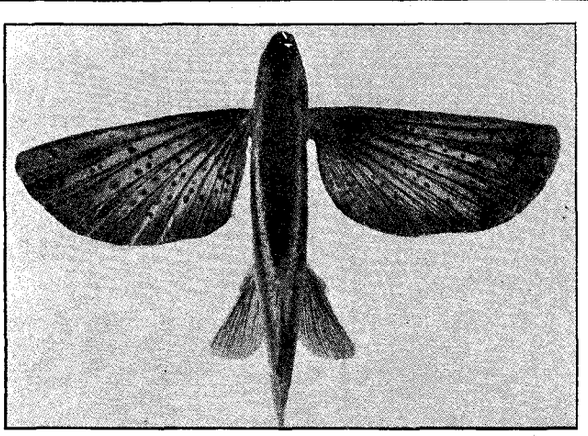
"This craze for teeth removal has gone too far, and both physicians and dentists now are coming in for justly deserved criticism. It is no uncommon occurrence to have a young person, in fairly good health, present a mouth from which all teeth have been extracted, and the patient compelled to wear plates both above and below.

"This has gone so far that a certain element in the medical profession, supported by another element in the dental profession, is insisting upon the removal of dead or pulpless teeth, irrespective of whether a focus of infection exists or not. These same physicians may be overlooking a dozen far more dangerous foci, some of which may be obscure, but nevertheless active.

"The matter of losing teeth is of such moment, from a cosmetic as well as utilitarian aspect, that there should be good and sufficient reason for removal of any tooth, and to our notion the tooth that doesn't show evidence of infection either through inspection or X-ray examination, should be left untouched.

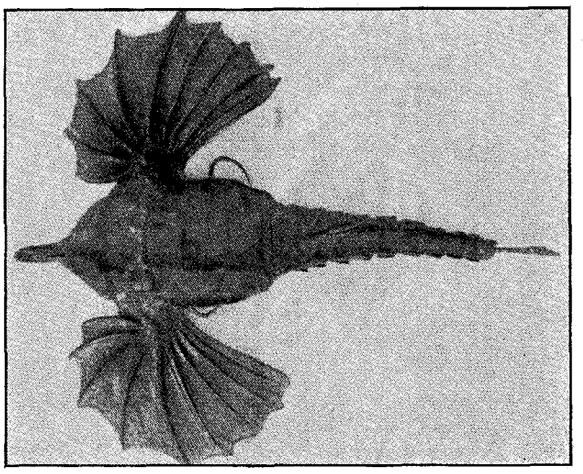
"We are delighted to know that the opinion of some of the members of the medical profession, who feel strongly on this subject, is shared by some of the leading members of the dental profession, and we note that the subject has been discust in the April, 1928, number of *The Dental Cosmos*, one of the leading dental journals, from which we quote: 'The hysterical fear aroused in the mind of the average dental operator as to the latent possibilities for harm in the pulpless tooth, impressively strest by the medical man, has created an attitude of mind in the average dental operator favorable to the removal of all such teeth. It should be remembered that we are confronted in the case of the pulpless tooth, with the question of bacterial invasion, and the objective of our efforts is to prevent it or to bring about its elimination. It is not the pulpless tooth *per se* that is the pathologic menace, but the disease-producing organisms that have gained entrance to the tooth that constitute the danger. It is, therefore, the infective focus that should be the point of attack rather than the tooth itself.'

"To all of which we say 'Amen.' Consistency and reason indicate that we should travel the middle ground in this question of dental surgery, and while insisting upon the removal of dangerous foci of infection about the teeth, either by treatment or surgery, to guard against the radicalism that will remove teeth that can and should be preserved."



SWALLOW FISH

"Apparent double-deckers . . . far superior . . . grow to be twelve inches long . . . eat small animals . . . Like a rocket it shoots to . . . a height of six feet . . . brings a welcome change to the sailor's diet."



STICKLEBACK

The "tiny armored stickleback" inhabits the Pacific Ocean.

CRIME AND BRAINS

ALL CRIMINALS ARE NOT MORONS, nor are all mental defectives criminals, we are told by the author of a leading editorial in *The Mental Hygiene Bulletin* (New York). With refinements of technique in the psychological study of offenders, he says, it has been discovered that there are a good deal more brains among prison populations than had been supposed. The mentally defective comprise only from one-fourth to one-third of the average prison group, instead of one-half to two-thirds as we were led to believe by earlier and cruder studies. But many, he says, have fallen into the opposite notion that the mentally defective are no more liable to be criminal than are normal persons. This is a fallacy. He goes on, explaining for our benefit the proportion of mental defectives to the entire population and the proportion of defective convicts. The view is outlined that a larger percentage of criminals comes from this class. Reading on:

"It is estimated that about 2 per cent. of the general population are mentally defective. That is, about one-fiftieth are more or less lacking in brains. But this one-fiftieth produces one-fourth or one-third of the prison population; so that, as a matter of fact, there are many more criminals drawn from the mentally defective classes, in proportion to their percentage of the general population, than from the rest, even tho they actually represent only a fraction of the prison group.

"What we mean to say is that the mentally defective are not as prone to delinquency and crime, in point of numbers, as we once thought, and that prison populations include many more persons with normal and superior intellects than mental defectives, which is quite different. Recent studies of outside as well as institutional groups have shown conclusively that many mental defectives are leading good lives, and that by no means are all or most of them heading for criminality. But in pointing this out, some investigators have gone to the other extreme of claiming that mental defect is a negligible factor in antisocial behavior. The fact remains that the mentally defective are potentially greater risks because of their mental handicaps than the more intellectual groups, and that they need protection, training of a special sort, and supervision to steer them into blameless living.

"On the other hand, training and environment are important determiners as to behavior in the normal group also. Hence the present-day emphasis by mental hygienists on the emotions. After all the mentally defective do form but a small part of delinquent and problem groups, so that our concern is primarily with behavior problems among normal or average individuals, whose trouble is not lack of brains but emotional ability to use them properly."

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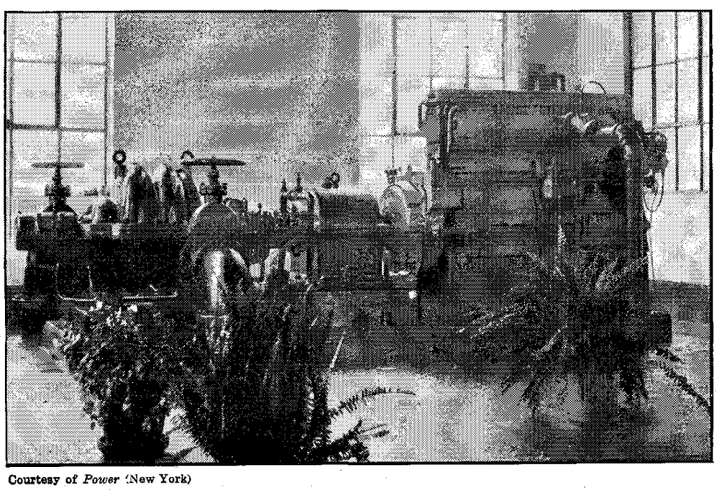
ENGINES RUN ON SEWAGE GAS

SEWAGE GAS, NOW WASTED in most sewage-disposal plants, can be used to develop power in internal-combustion engines at a decided profit. This fact, we are told in *Power* (New York), has already been demonstrated in England, but the distinction of being the first American city to obtain power upon a plant-operating scale from sewage sludge gas falls to Charlotte, North Carolina. This paper goes on to say:

"Judging from the interest shown by sanitary engineers throughout the country, this plant is the forerunner of a new and wide application of the gas-engine, for the power obtained from the gas produced by the digesting of sewage sludge is a net gain, and, if utilized, the savings in power cost should pay for an engine installation within three years.

"Sewage, which in its raw state consists of about 99 per cent. water, is received at the Sugar Creek plant from the city sewage-collection system, and after passing through a coarse bar screen, it flows through a clarifier, which acts as a preliminary settling tank. This clarifier contains a motor-driven scraping mechanism which forces the settled solids to the bottom of the tank, whence they are pumped to the digestion tanks.

"The effluent from the clarifier is pumped into aerating tanks, where it is agitated by air under about seven pounds' pressure. Biological action takes place and particles of sludge are formed that are coated with bacteria of oxidizing capacity. After about four hours, the sewage passes into settling tanks, which also contain scraping mechanisms. The sludge is removed and pumped to the digestion tanks, while the effluent from these settling tanks, which is clear and stable, passes into the stream.



Courtesy of *Power* (New York)

THE ENGINE THAT RUNS ON SEWAGE GAS

And saves $500 a month in power bills.

"The mixture of fresh solids removed from the clarifier and the activated sludge removed from the settling tanks are reduced in about two months' time, through biological action, to an odorless sludge; this is removed to drying beds and used as a fertilizer.

"In the biological processes that take place in the digestion tanks large quantities of gas are evolved. These collect in the gas-chambers of the digestion tanks and, after being metered, flow into a gas-holder.

"The gas contains an average of about 70 per cent. methane, and burns in a Bunsen burner with an almost colorless but very hot flame. The heat value varies from season to season, depending somewhat on the temperature and general operating conditions within the digestion tanks. The Charlotte officials decided to utilize this gas in internal-combustion engines. These engines are standard gasoline units, upon which no alterations have been made other than the removal of the carburetors and the insertion of the gas-pipe into the manifold leading to the cylinders. The quality of the gas is so uniform that the engines run without any perceptible movement of the governor-linking, and with very little attention after becoming warmed up.

"The plant has been in operation one year. During one month last summer 88,723,000 gallons of sewage was handled in the plant with a production of 405,696 cubic feet of gas. The gas-supply produced about 25,000 kilowatt-hours of power during the month. With a more active condition in the digestion tanks it is expected that this should reach 40,000 per month. The gas actually permits an average monthly reduction in power bills of approximately $500.

"The rate of gas production is too low to permit operating the engines continuously. To overcome this the motor-driven units are run until the gas-holder is filled, at which time one of the engines is started and kept in operation until the holder is practically empty.

"There is little doubt that in the Northern States, where the climate is more rigorous, the digestion tanks may require all the gas for heating, but where the climate is milder there should always be an excess of gas over the heating requirements, and the use of engines, as in the Charlotte plant, is an economical step, in keeping with the modern trend of saving all possible by-products."

A FRENCHWOMAN ON WOMAN'S INTUITION

INTUITION IS QUITE AS IMPORTANT as intelligence, and woman has more of it than man. We need both, in order to get comfortably through life, and the lack of either puts us in the position of a man with only one leg. This point of view is presented in *La Psychologie et la Vie* (Paris) by Maryse Choisy, who enlightens us as follows;

"To understand feminine intuition we must perhaps understand intuition in general. Now modern philosophy revolves about the disputed definitions of intelligence and intuition. To make a definition is immediately to erect a metaphysical system. When I define God, I am stating my own conception of God. When I define intuition, I formulate an opinion about intuition. So I will not define, that I may not weaken my argument.

"There are two attitudes to take toward a peach, for example. (I take a peach, but I might take anything else.) The first is to analyze it chemically—to measure it; this is the attitude of intelligence. The second is to eat it; that is the attitude of intuition. Intuition takes at once a practical attitude toward reality—an active attitude. It eats reality. It attacks reality with all its teeth. Intelligence remains outside. Can we know things better from outside than from inside? Which has the truest conceptions of a peach, he who measures it, or he who eats it?

"Intelligence is the impersonal domain of information, of facts, of the commercial agency, of science; without individuality, without emotion, without taste. Intuition, on the contrary, is entirely sentiment, taste, individuality. Art does not bother with facts, with information, with agencies, and with theories. What I know about a rose I can state in the style of a cyclopedia in words that you may pick up on any street corner. But what I feel about a rose, I can not express except with words that feel the rose, words that have the taste and smell of the rose, words that have not served also to express cabbages or carrots, words not current in the word-exchange, words made expressly for the rose, intuitive words, words personal to the rose, words that burst upon the rose like a high-powered motor-car, words that move, words that penetrate the rose—there!

"Facts, the social laws, gravitation, the Hundred Years' War, are abstractions without reality, abstractions of the intelligence But take a single fact, a single application of these social laws with its griefs and joys—take a single falling apple, take a single soldier of that war in his family relations, look at them through a lens, penetrate them personally, intuitively; love them, and you will have something in common with reality, the profound reality, the sole reality, which laughs at theories. And how will you explain, except by intuition, the fact that two doctors, trained in the same school, with the same theories and the same experience, arrive at contrary diagnoses in the presence of the same symptoms?

"Woman, because she is in closer contact with life, because she carries life within her for nine months, is a being essentially intuitive. Woman eats the peach. Woman bears the child. She disregards chemistry and child-culture. Child-culture is a science for those who have never had children.

"I am sure of this—woman, as a bearer of life, is a reservoir of intuition, of the intuition that is related to the instinct of insects. I claim no superiority for it. The girl who eats the peach is deceived as often as the man who measures it. And this is my sole quarrel with intuition. But the intellect may also be deceived. Well, then?

"Intuition is feminine. Intellect is masculine. Nevertheless, I know many women who are men; many men who are women There are doubtless female temperaments and male temperaments. But these sexual temperaments often get their sexes mixed. Then?

(*Continued on page 35*)

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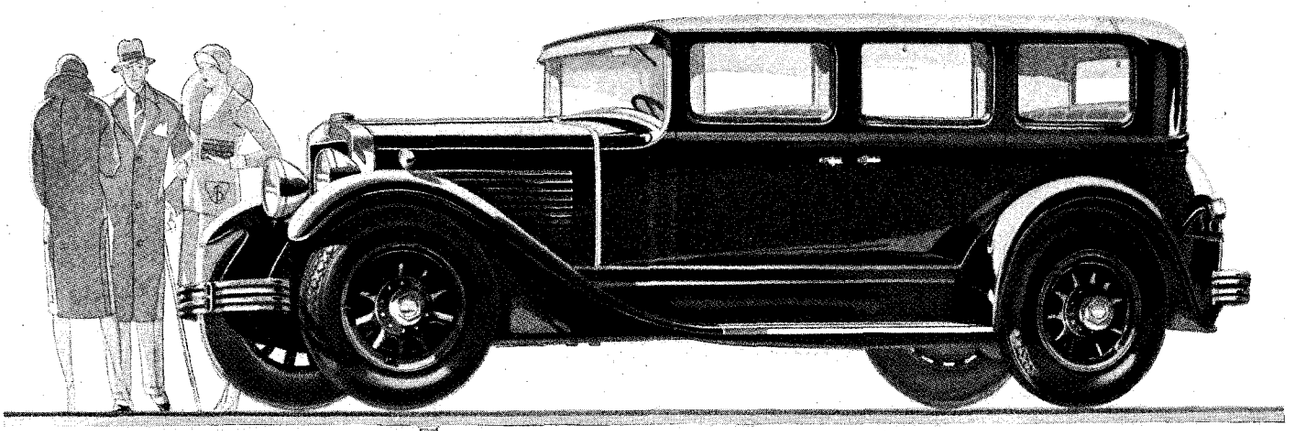

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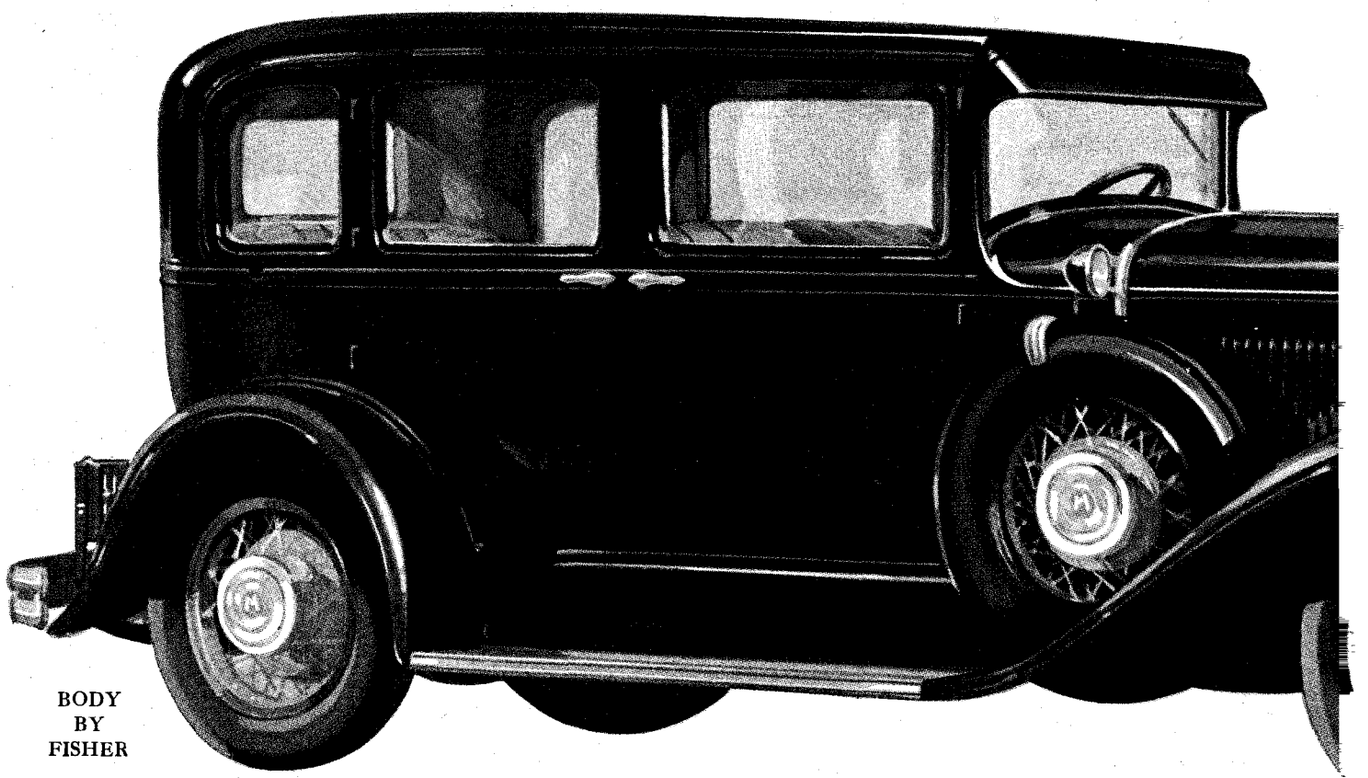

BODY
BY
FISHER

The new Marquette with Body by Fisher embodies those priceless elements of quality and reliability which for a quarter of a century have made Buick-built cars a criterion of value.

Ma

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES

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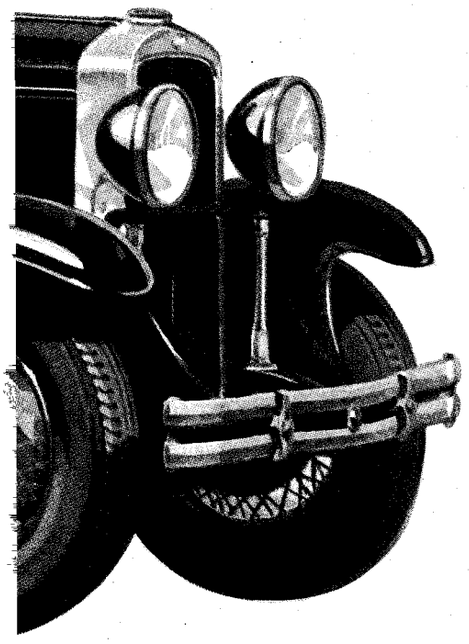
ting allegiance an everlasting ideal



ALL builders of fine automobiles have three fundamental responsibilities: to place quality above price . . . to achieve moderate price through the savings resulting from volume production . . . and to keep eternal faith with buyers of their products.

With Buick, all of these responsibilities find acceptance and fulfillment in one everlasting ideal—"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

For when Buick craftsmen build a better automobile, they win larger demand. When they win larger demand, they attain wider manufacturing economies. When they attain manufacturing economies, they pass these on to the motoring public in the form of still greater value. And thus they keep faith, all along the line, with buyers of Buick products.

The builders of Buick and the new Marquette have sincerely endeavored to translate this ideal into reality during the past quarter-century. And the outspoken favor of motorists the world over proves they have succeeded—

—for more than twice as many people have purchased Buicks, year after year, as any other automobile priced above $1200. And motor car buyers have given the new Marquette the warmest welcome ever accorded any new six of similar price in all motor car history.

The past holds great achievements. But it is no exaggeration to say that the future will reveal even greater things.

Rely on Buick . . . for continued progress . . . for increasing leadership . . . for everlasting allegiance to the everlasting ideal, "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

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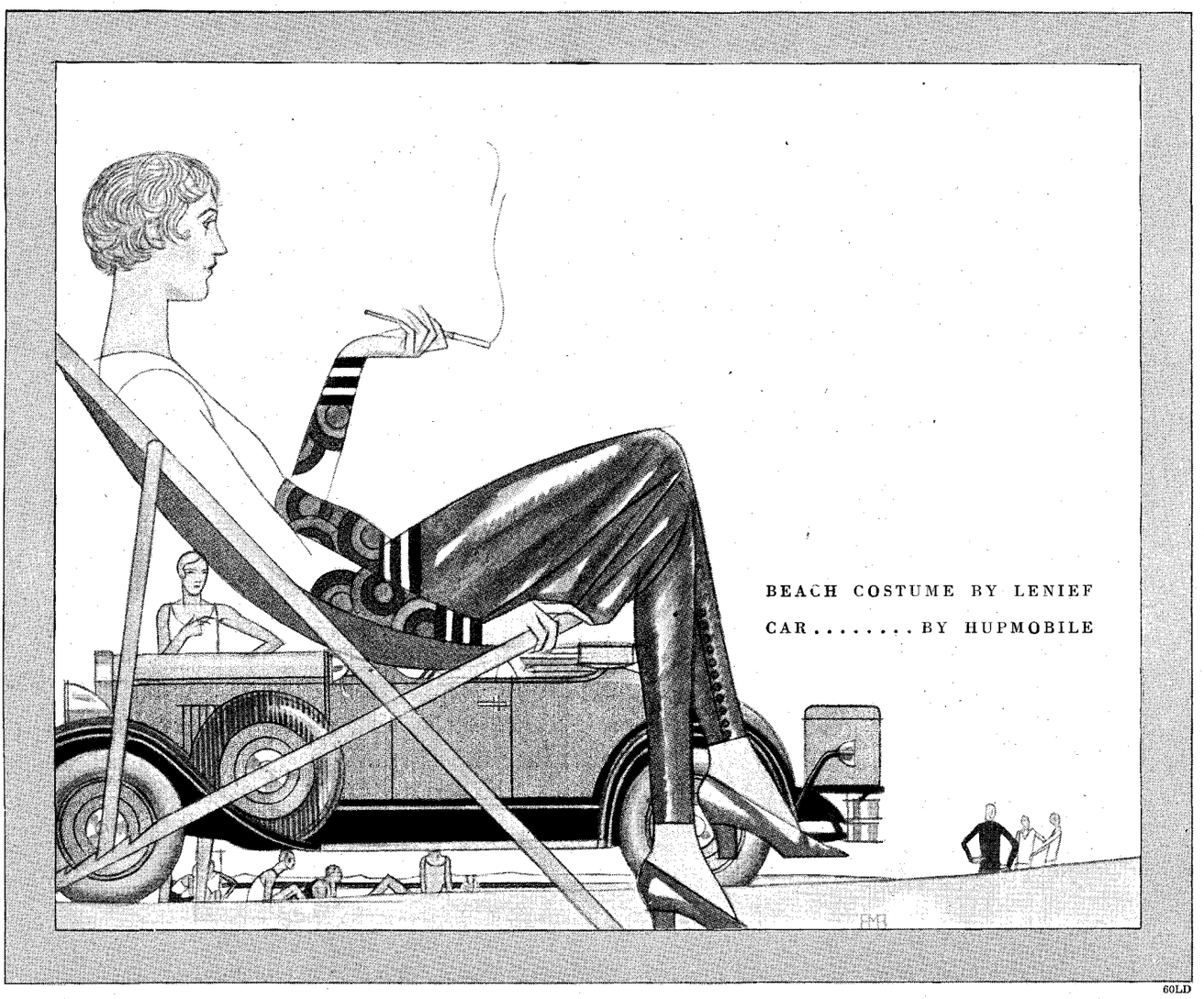

HANDSOME IS . . . AND HANDSOME *DOES!*

Gaze upon a HUPMOBILE Century Six or a Century Eight for the first time. Handsome? Your eyes will not deny that. But HUPMOBILE'S real beauty goes deeper. You must look for it in its motor, in its chassis, in its coachcraft, and in the performance such excellence brings. For here is the beauty of automotive craftsmanship and trustworthiness. The beauty that thrills the engineer. You will find it expressed in parts made as finely as watch-works. In bearings, diamond-bored to hair-line accuracy. In pistons, fitted by hand to cylinders. In non-chattering valves, so snugly contoured that not even the years can loosen their tongues. In metal, shaped and tailored as carefully as a dinner jacket. In materials, so staunch and true that no rigors of service can dismay them. These are the finest "beauty-spots" in HUPMOBILE. A handsome car, in performance as well as in looks. But if you would know how truly handsome . . . just drive one!

HUPMOBILE CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

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(*Continued from page 30*)

"I do not dare to conclude otherwise than that intelligence and intuition have each their respective merits; that the woman is more often intuitive, but that there are numerous exceptions, and that I have no definite opinion (of the kind for which one fights, or dies on the scaffold) about it.

"Intuition is the left foot; intelligence, the right. I like two feet to walk with. I am not a cripple."

THE WORK OF A RICKSHA COOLIE

THE WESTERN TRAVELER in the Orient who rides in a ricksha for the first time, is often uneasy from a feeling that a fellow man ought not to be doing the work of a horse. This feeling wears away in time, for the coolie does not pant, nor does he show any other signs of fatigue. On a long trip, another coolie goes along to "spell" him. As a matter of fact, the coolie is not doing violent work, as shown by some observations and measurements made by Director Adolph Basler, of the Physiological Institute of Sun Yat Sen University, Canton, China. We read in a letter from him, printed in *Science* (New York):

"The ricksha coolie is a man trained for one special movement only—fast locomotion.

"Two kinds of running can be distinguished: (1) Relatively slow running with 100 double paces in one minute and with a length of [double] step up to 210 centimeters [7 feet]. The foot is posed in the same manner as in walking. The sole touches the ground completely during a short time before pushing off with that foot. (2) The second kind of running, making possible a quicker locomotion, involves contact only between the toes and ball of the foot and the ground; but this kind of running can not be continued for any long time.

"In the ricksha coolie there is a rolling motion of the foot, which is directly visible and demonstrable in photographs. It is characteristic of the first kind of running, and corresponds with the length of the step. In order to demonstrate this I marked off in a very busy street a measured distance, and from a window situated not very far from the street I counted the steps taken by ricksha coolies in covering this distance. This method has the advantage that the observed person is not aware of being observed, and the length of step is that usually employed. Unlike laboratory experiments all movements are unconstrained and show no more than normal power. In my observations the double step was from 130 up to 200 centimeters (about 4 to 6½ feet) long, depending upon the degree of fatigue. According to Weber a step of 210 centimeters [7 feet] length forms the border beyond which only the toes and ball of the foot touch the ground.

"The number of paces in a minute varied between seventy-six and eighty-seven. The velocity of forward movement of the body was from 109 to 162 meters in a minute, or from 6,600 to 9,700 meters (about 4½ to 6 miles) an hour.

"In estimating the work done in drawing the ricksha it must be remembered that the ricksha is so constructed that during motion the center of gravity is over the axle. Consequently the coolie need exert no force upwards, but can apply all his power for pulling. This traction on level ground need only overcome the resistance of friction. I have found this resistance to be from 2 to 5 kilograms [4 to 11 pounds] for the occupied ricksha, according to the nature of the ground. These figures harmonize with other data for the frictional resistance.

"The work done by the ricksha coolie is consequently the same as if he were drawing a cord over a pulley, at the end of which is fastened a weight of from 4 to 11 pounds.

"Thus during fast locomotion about one-tenth of a horse-power is used for drawing the ricksha. This is the expenditure of energy over and above that which would occur during running at the same pace without drawing the loaded ricksha. The period during which this high velocity can be maintained is only a few minutes at a time. Both the amount of external work per minute and the duration for which it can be maintained are therefore less than that of the Egyptians who lift water from the Nile, while themselves standing still, or that of French navvies ascending a ladder. It is much less than that of the oarsmen in a university crew during a boat-race."

BUTTERFLY'S HEART BEATS BACKWARD—The butterfly, immemorably the symbol of inconstancy, has a heart that often beats backward, Prof. John H. Gerould of Dartmouth College told the American Society of Zoologists at a recent meeting, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

"He has demonstrated this strange behavior many times. The heart of an insect is in its back instead of its chest, and consists merely of an enlargement in a long blood-vessel. A beat will start at its rear end and travel forward, squeezing the blood on ahead of it. After repeating this several times, the heart will pause, and then a beat will start at the forward end, sending the blood in the opposite direction. Occasionally the beat will start in the middle, sending the blood both ways."

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

NOT SO HARD AS IT LOOKS

The ricksha coolie exerts about one-tenth of a horse-power, during rapid locomotion, and is really "not doing violent work."

OBJECTIONABLE HEALTH FADS—In a recent book "An Hour on Health" (Philadelphia, 1929), Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* and authority on health movements, makes fads and faddists his target, as he has done in more than one book on the same subject. He says:

"One of the difficulties with the whole physical culture and athletic movement has been the creation of outdoor fanatics, marathon runners, hundred-mile pedestrians, who believe that the road to health lies in the exceptional performances. All systems of breathing such as the 'vitalic' breathing, abdominal breathing, rhythmical deep breathing, and other schemes are irrational. Nobody ought to live for his lungs alone. The royal road to health lies not in any formula promoted by some former trainer of prize-fighters. The worst thing about exercising to reduce is that exercise stimulates appetite and diet becomes torture. The vegetarians say that animals living on a vegetable diet are strong and tractable, while the meat-eating animals are ferocious. The most ferocious man I ever saw was a vegetarian who had eaten a caterpillar with his lettuce."

Dr. Fishbein thinks vacations of great importance, but believes that there is a special kind for every type. Some vacations, he says, "go wrong."

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

P. & A. photograph

APPLAUSE BROKE OUT AS SIGNATURE AFTER SIGNATURE WAS AFFIXT TO THE REPARATIONS ACCORD

This historic scene at the Hotel George V, Paris, is dominated by the figure of Chairman Young, at the head of the table.

HOW OWEN D. YOUNG ENDED THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

THE WORLD WAR WAS BEING FOUGHT AGAIN. It was the invasion of Belgium that held the men of Europe and America about a table in a Paris hotel. National feelings were flicked on the raw and national animosities began to show. The question before the delegates at the recent successful reparations conference was, according to an anecdote in *The New Yorker:* Should the German Reich redeem "billions of marks in German paper money which the Belgians found in their banks when they regained possession of the country"? Herr Schacht, the German delegate, and M. Francqui, the Belgian, were, figuratively, at each other's throats in argument.

"That paper!" cried Schacht, according to the story. "Nobody knows how that paper got there. . . ."

"Nobody knows!" shouted Francqui. "Then I shall tell. You come, you take our good gold, you leave worthless paper in its place, you. . . ."

Up rose the tall American chairman. He had been sitting silently. His long body was "twisted into something resembling Laocoon entwined with serpents," as Allene Talmey describes a typical pose of the man in the New York *Evening World.*

"Tea is served, gentlemen," he said, *The New Yorker's* story ends. And tea which Chairman Owen D. Young had quietly ordered was served.

Mr. Young does things unconventionally like that. He showed his ability to perform a hard task in a masterly fashion when he brought into harmonious agreement conflicting national views on the amount Germany must pay for the World War. And as a result of his reparations work he has been mentioned more than once lately as a Presidential possibility for 1932. One of his recent unconventional acts was to decline with thanks the public reception New York wanted to give him when he returned from the conference with Thomas W. Lamont and Thomas Nelson Perkins. He seemed to feel no desire for the sort of greeting given to Channel swimmers and aviators. He sent radiograms to Commissioner Whalen and Mayor Walker, asking to be allowed to come back quietly; and, his request being honored, he did, in this manner described by the New York *World:*

Owen D. Young, private American citizen, acclaimed as the statesman who ended the war after the war, and two of his associates at the Reparations Conference, Thomas W. Lamont and Thomas Nelson Perkins, landed with the additional distinction of having declined an official welcome to the city.

Mr. Young was especially anxious to slip out of the rôle of world figure, which he has occupied for four months and seems likely to occupy for some time to come, so that he might serve in the private capacity of father at the wedding of his eldest son, Charles J. Young, in Cleveland.

He is said to have radioed his future daughter-in-law, Miss Esther Marie Christensen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Niels A. Christensen, that "the pact simply has to be signed in time for me to attend your wedding."

Mr. Young returned to more than his son's wedding. Conferences in Washington are before him, and such honors as the degree of Doctor of Laws, which has been given him by Hamilton College, and the Roosevelt medal, still to be presented. It was the prospect of his son's wedding, we learn, that speeded the successful completion of the conference. When he received his degree from Hamilton, Mr. Young explained this circumstance thus, as quoted by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Our conference in Paris dragged along; to be sure, we had agreed upon the major terms, but there were many things left on which we might have disagreed. It was difficult to get statements translated into the four languages which would be satisfactory in meaning and in color.

About the first of June I realized that we might be spending many weeks there, and yet I did not wish to assume the arbitrary position of saying that I was going home on a given day. But I did say to them that on the fifteenth day of June my son was to be married in Cleveland, and that on the seventeenth of June I expected to be honored by a degree from Hamilton College, which is the college of Elihu Root. The thing which I most desired was to get home for these two ceremonies. And I said that the latest ship would sail on the eighth of June.

From that time on there was no need of my urging that committee. When small differences of opinion came some one would

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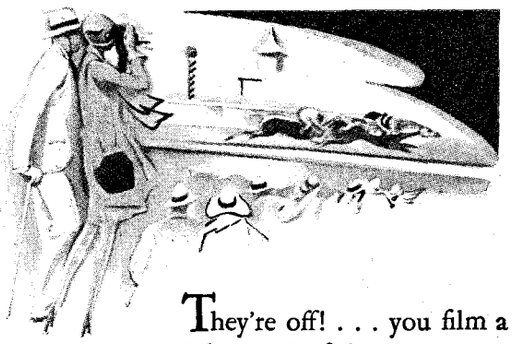

They're off! . . . you film a "close-up" of the start across the race-track. The horses round the bend . . . you speed up the action, intensifying the excitement. Now down the stretch . . . you've got them. Then a s-l-o-w motion movie that shows every detail of the finish. And all in a breathless minute or two!

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Seven speeds, a turret that holds *three* lenses, an *adjustable* spyglass viewfinder for every distance—actually more than the flexibility of any *six* previous cameras—are combined in this one master achievement. Yet its operation is simplicity itself. Just snap the wanted lens into place, look through the spyglass viewfinder, press the button, and "what you see, you get." In fact you get *more* than you can see.

Ask the Filmo dealer to demonstrate the new Filmo 70 D. Or write us for literature and the illustrated movie booklet, "What You See, You Get."

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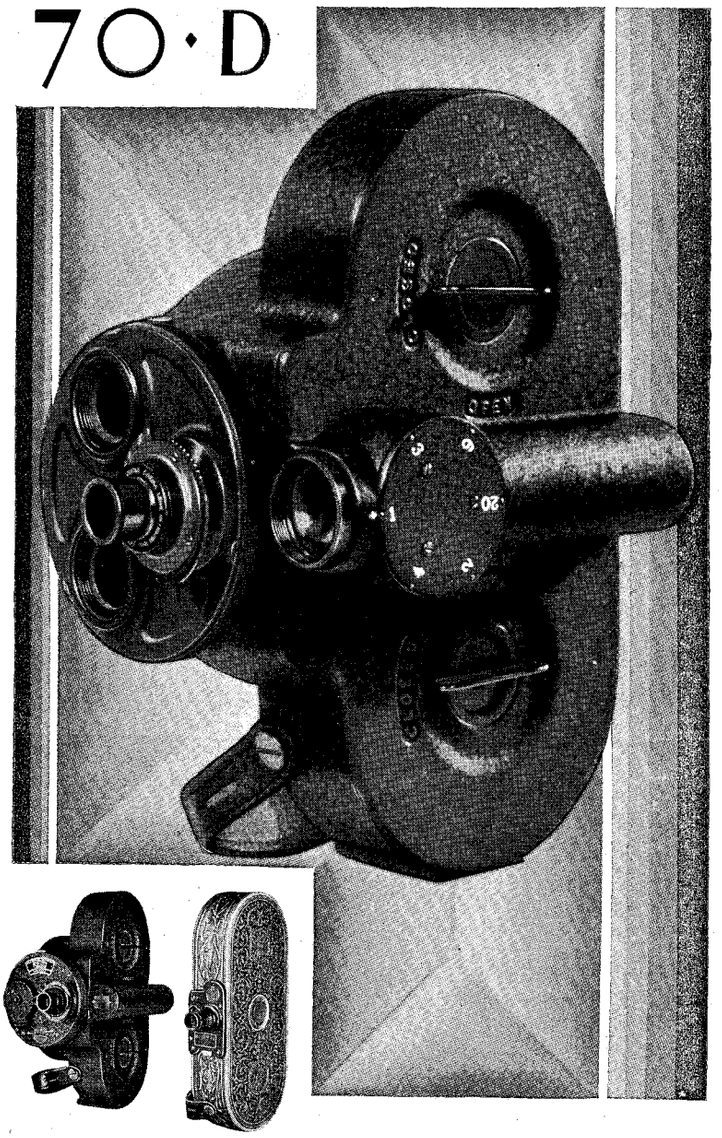
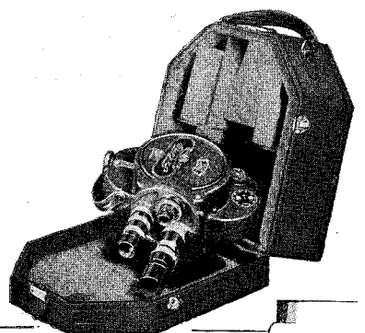


(Left) Filmo 70 A, the original personal movie camera, surpassed only by Filmo 70 D, $180 with carrying case; (Right) Filmo 75, pocket size and aristocratic, $120 with carrying case.

* * *

The only rivals of Filmo 70 D are Bell & Howell's studio cameras that film Hollywood's leading productions. They cost up to $5,000. Filmo 70 D, with one Taylor-Hobson Cooke 1-inch F 3.5 lens, costs but $245 in its SESAMEE locked Mayfair cowhide case with shoulder strap. All Filmo cameras take either a 50 or 100 foot roll of film.



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say, "We must get Mr. Young home for his son's wedding. We must get him back to Hamilton College to get his degree."

They ended the proceedings at 7 o'clock on the seventh of June, and at 10 o'clock on the eighth of June I left for the United States. What finer evidence of the warmth of human feeling and cooperation could you have than that? How much more helpful to the committee and to me than any arbitrary statement that I must sail for home on a certain day?

There are "many tags which fit in neatly" after Mr. Young's name, Miss Talmey comments in her *Evening World* article, already referred to. The present "tag" in its entirety is "Chairman of the Second Committee of Experts on Reparations." It was in this character, rather than that of "Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Corporation," that reporters, "thick as berries in a basket," sought to interview him when he landed. But, Miss Talmey continues:

They learned nothing from this man, who has no trace of the buttered diplomacy which allows its students to elude the press. Instead, Owen D. Young talked freely, and told nothing so artfully that all came away dazed and happy with long paragraphs of graphic phrases, empty, but useful for headlines.

By some means known only to himself, Owen D. Young reached the top without an overpowering ambition that might have corroded his simplicity, that might have encased him hard and merciless within it. Somehow by long strides he arrived, attended by no lines of employees, hiding, or whitewashing, his upward trail. Owen D. Young is a simple, tired man, tall and rangy, whose face muscles have sagged into a double chin. But he is the man who pushes nations into line. He drills diplomats. He manipulates billions of international currency. And he thinks a blooded cow is a priceless gift of nature.

Every one who writes so much as an editorial paragraph on him brings in some detailed reference to Lincoln, as tho the Civil War President were the only man in all history who has ever combined the three democratic faculties of being farm-born, tall and rangy, and addicted to making his point by homely anecdote. Just as many an orator in the last campaign grew red in the face as he bellowed that Al Smith was the "City Lincoln of 1928," so undoubtedly many another red-faced orator in some campaign of the future may call Owen D. Young another Lincoln come to save the people.

The details of his present life are these: He is Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Corporation and of the Radio Corporation of America. He is constantly engrossed in international affairs, and at the same time manages to save out plenty of time to enjoy himself. He is not only a worker. Play comes just as easily.

The "spare-ribs humor" of this man is well known, we are told. "Lean and dry of wit, he sits slumped down in his chair at his famous office high in the Equitable Building"; and these touches of personality are added:

Quizzical, he always allows his visitor to talk on without fear of interruption, without fear of "taking up too much of your time, Mr. Young." It is not an office designed to hurry people. It is not an office designed to impress.

At the time of the first Reparations Commission meetings, Young rose before the leaders of Germany to say simply:

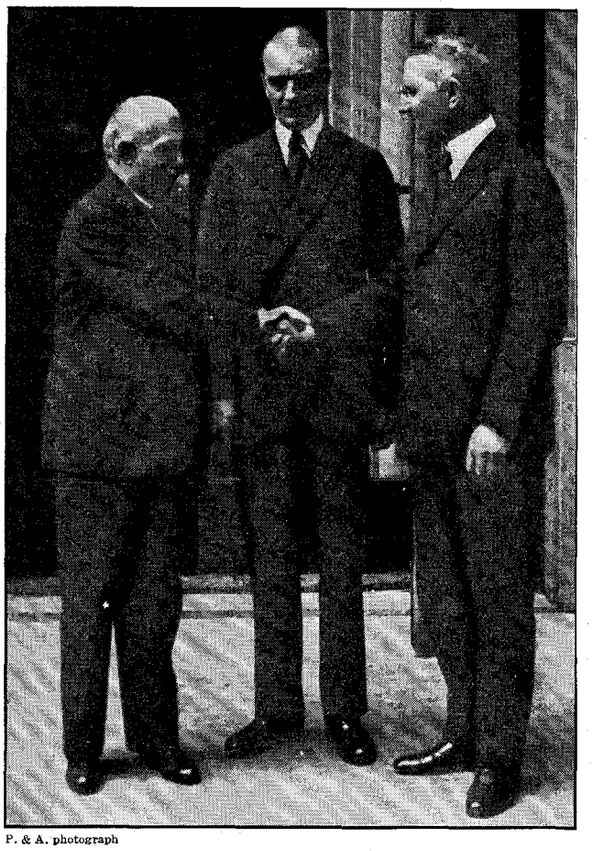
"We are subject to no orders. We represent no Government. We have a plan to propose. You are free to accept it or reject it. To me as an outsider the facts are evident. These are the facts. You have had a great picnic here in Europe. The beach is covered with litter. How are you going to clean the beach and get ready to resume your occupations?"

After listening to the plan, the German leader said simply:

"Mr. Young, we can not afford it!"

"Gentlemen," answered Owen D. Young, "you remind me of the farmer who came to buy one of my blooded cows. I told him the price. It seemed very high. He shook his head. He was going away without the much-desired cow. Suddenly he turned and said: 'I can't afford to take her and I can't afford to leave her. Here's the money.'"

That was Young's Lincolnian diplomacy.



P. & A. photograph

WHEN FRANCE AND GERMANY SHOOK HANDS

In the persons of M. Moreau, Governor of the Bank of France (at the reader's left), and Dr. Schacht, the German financial envoy—while in the middle towers the benevolent American peacemaker.

Owen D. Young can tell how the delegates wasted an hour, changing commas, worrying over semicolons until, at ten to six, under the hot beam of studio lamps, the two documents were signed and the Chairman concluded the historic session with these words:

"I declare this conference adjourned without day."

Owen D. Young began his career in the right place, on a tiny farm in Van Hornesville, Herkimer County, in upper New York State, just one year after the great panic of 1873. Those were strenuous times on the farm. Practically everything was done by hand, in the hardest way possible.

Every morning as soon as he was old enough to help with the chores, the boy rose at 5 o'clock, put on his heavy woolens and went to the barn. The farm was twelve miles from a railroad and a good five miles from town. If you were born a farmer, you stayed a farmer. The only things that the district schools specialized in were reading and writing and arithmetic, and once you learned them, school was over and you followed a plow instead of a career.

But Owen D. Young was different; he was an only son, and "therefore more privileged." An uncle provided the money for his tuition at a small private school not far away, and Miss Talmey gives us this quaint picture:

Every Monday morning the townspeople of Springfield, New York, could have seen a slow-moving youngster sitting with his father in a wagon in front of the school, then hopping down, and taking with him a cheese-box, filled with food enough to last him through the week. On Friday the same scene was enacted, only the boy and the cheese-box entered the wagon.

He wanted college, but his only hope lay in passing the examinations for a scholarship for Cornell. The boy was coached, and presumably would have passed, had it not been discovered that applicants must be at least seventeen years old. Mrs. Young's little boy was only fifteen. Not long afterward the President of St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York, spoke one Sunday evening at the church. After the service, the boy told him of his educational difficulties, with the result that it was arranged for the boy to work his way through college.

This distinguished alumnus has used St. Lawrence as the background for some of his homeliest anecdotes. Whenever he desires to prove to some blustering know-it-all, to some youth who got it "straight from headquarters," he tells how he, too, once knew it all.

It happened back when the gangling Owen, lonesome and puffed with the pride of solitude, entered the freshman class at St. Lawrence. Mathematics was his subject, and never having heard of the greatest mathematicians of the time, he believed that he was far advanced in that deceitful science. He told the head of the department that he was too good for the first, that

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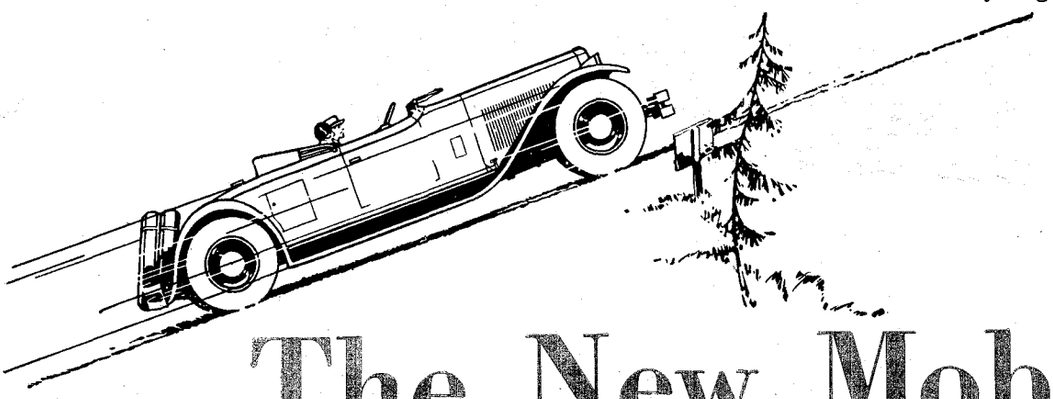

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"Water Carriers in India." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

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—goes a long way to make friends

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

he ought to take the senior course, or maybe even the sophomore course in mathematics. The professor agreed, but just to make sure, said, "Suppose you work out this question," and wrote on the blackboard the following:

"2 and 2 equal 4. Why?"

Owen D. Young took the freshman course.

By 1894 he had a B. A. after his name, and no money. He went to Harvard to ask how a boy who wanted to be a lawyer but had no money received training. They didn't know. From Cambridge he went to the Dean of Boston University, where a friendly old man told him that money could be had by tutoring the dumb-bells, by handing out books in the library. Somehow the three-year course was squashed into two years, and the boy, at twenty-one, was through with colleges.

Now, just at this moment, after he took his bar examinations, he was invited to enter the office of the President of the Examining Board. But he was to go home first to take his first salary check and spend it. Rest and spend—those were his instructions. Before he returned from the farm, he received a telegram saying his employer had died. Mr. Young stayed on at the farm until the University sent for him, having placed him in the Boston office of Charles H. Tyler.

It was not many years before the firm name was Tyler & Young. Now, just at this point of his life, he began to do legal work for the firm of Stone & Webster, electrical engineers. From that point, Miss Talmey tells us:

The rest of this success story can be guessed. No surprizes can be worked in. Being a lawyer, however, was not enough for Young in doing the legal affairs of Stone & Webster. He had to know the subject of electricity thoroughly. This naturally brought him to the notice of the General Electric Corporation.

When the chief counsel of the corporation died, Mr. Young received a letter asking him to call, a matter which worried him somewhat. The call resulted most pleasantly in the offer of a position as a vice-president and as chief counsel.

Mr. Young began to study other phases of the business. When he went with the corporation, he was offered a large salary, which he did not accept.

"If you pay me that much," he said then, "you will be afraid that you are overpaying. Underpay me until you see how well I do."

Another of the brighter bits concerning the reparations conference which Mr. Young guided so successfully is reported by *The New Yorker* thus:

Our secret agent at the reparations conference in Paris, carefully avoiding the main issues, as we instructed, followed Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Lamont, Owen D. Young, and Thomas Nelson Perkins around the restaurants and other places of the city. In one restaurant, a select place, the four American experts lunched frequently. The food was excellent, but very expensive. One of the American notables even murmured one day, when the bill was unusually high, about the possibility of the proprietor being descended from robber barons. Mr. Morgan then and there determined to take the matter up directly with the manager, whom we shall call François. François was summoned.

"But what will you, monsieur?" cried François. "Ze French, we have to pay money to everybody, but nobody want to pay us." This allusion to the work the experts had in hand went formally unnoticed by the American reparations delegation, whose identity may or may not have been known to François. At any rate, he was not abashed. He went right on to explain eloquently to his distinguished listeners all about French taxation, special levies, overhead, and so on. After the Gallic fashion he warmed to his theme, and finally went to his desk, hauled out his books, brought them to the table. He thus proved by unimpeachable calculation, that he lost money on everything but the asparagus."

International Newsreel photograph

A CLOSE-UP WITH A FEW SMILES

The broadest of these appears to be that of Chairman Owen D. Young (with a paper in his hand), whose sagacity and tact had done so much to reconcile hostile international interests.

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HOW GLADYS, THE BABY WATERSPOUT, WAS TAMED

A CRY OF WARNING rang from the crow's-nest, where the lookout was stationed. "Looo-ookout!" he called; and a minute later he landed on the back of his neck on the deck. But he was on his feet in a moment, saluting.

"What is it?" demanded *Capt. Ezra Triplett.* Some of our readers may recall *Captain Triplett* as master of the famous ship, the *Kawa,* whose voyage to the South Seas was related

Illustrations from "Salt Water Taffy" (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

A HARD-BOILED CREW—AND WATERSPOUTS AHEAD!

Singular nautical types appear in the illustrations. Some of them bear a haunting resemblance to living people. Friends of Reinald Werrenrath, the baritone, for instance, insist that the pointing figure in the tall hat might pass for his double.

several years ago in "The Cruise of the *Kawa,*" a burlesque of adventure books. Now *Captain Triplett* reappears on another vessel in "Salt Water Taffy" (Putnam's), the autobiography of his daughter, *June,* as told to Corey Ford. *June,* we learn, spent her early years at sea. The book, according to a quotation on the jacket attributed to Felix Reisenberg, mariner and author, "will amaze all salt water experts." The publishers assure us that "one word in the narrative is as true as the next," and "Salt Water Taffy" is easily recognizable as a light-hearted parody of a recent best-selling volume of sea adventures.

But to return to the lookout who had fallen to the deck. He admitted that he did not know what was the matter. "I just had a hunch," he explained. But his hunch was soon justified. Hardly had he regained his post aloft in the rigging of the South Seas sailing vessel before his warning came again. This time when he fell he landed on the top of his head.

"Starboard beam from port bow aft!" he gasped, pointing, as he once more scrambled to his feet.

Captain Triplett looked once and his face went white. "Strum the m'n'tch!" he yelled, his voice shaking the air. "Avast with the poop and trim the tr'b'lt's!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the crew, having no idea what he meant.

"Tr'f'g in the blizzzz'm'brghtwch!" bellowed the *Captain,* and we read on, in the autobiographical language of *June Triplett:*

"Why, surely, sir," replied the embarrassed sailors, running in all directions, some hoisting the sails, others reefing them, others lowering the anchor or nervously shifting the cargo, while two or three sailors in their confusion manned a lifeboat and rowed rapidly away to the east.

The wind meantime had commenced to hum with a vicious steadiness from starboard, and the sky was rapidly darkened with racing clouds. The sea itself had become an ominous black. Over the roar of the wind and the excited whispers of the puzzled sailors, Father shouted: "Waterspouts to l'rrrrrr'w'd!"

The clouds and the sea seemed for a moment to meet; and then for the first time I made out a group of objects like huge hour-glasses wandering toward us across the horizon, swaying and writhing and uttering a weird wailing sound that grew louder as they approached. At a glance there seemed to be forty of these strange creatures, their heads lost in the pitching sky, gradually drawing nearer. Father's face went white. Our boat was drifting slowly but surely into their course, and we seemed powerless to avoid disaster.

"Throw over the anchor!" shouted Father.

"I did throw over the anchor," replied the mate irritably.

"Then why is the boat drifting?"

"There wasn't any rope on the anchor," sighed the mate. "If I've told that second mate once, I've told him a dozen times . . ."

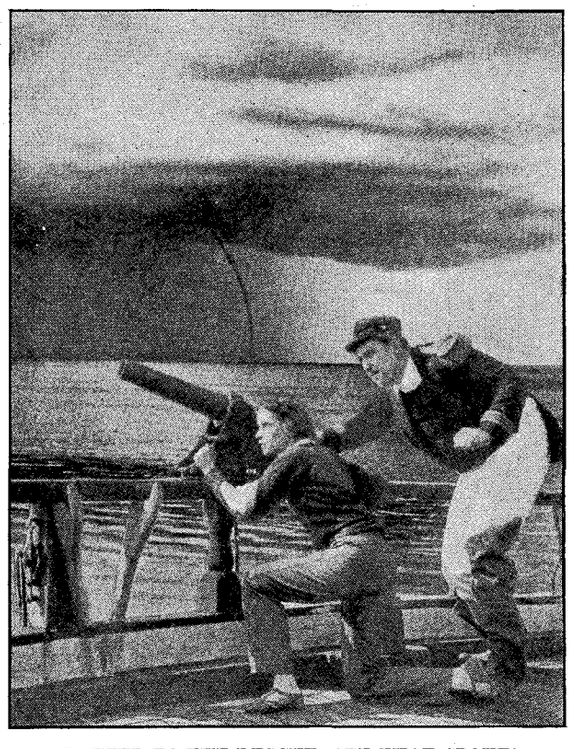
"What's happened?" I yelled to Father.

"*This damned wind is taking us right toward them,*" he answered. "They'll get our scent any minute."

Even as he spoke I saw the head waterspout halt and sway suspiciously, bending this way and that like a coiled snake. A moment later it broke into a curious humming noise and started toward us at incredible speed. The entire herd followed in its wake. As the stampede drew nearer their pace increased until they seemed to be traveling with the wind, swelling and reaching toward us eagerly. Down on the deck the men sweated and heaved at the ropes, some raising the sails, others lowering them again, others mopping the decks or running up a series of ship's flags.

Now I have heard grave scientists explain that a waterspout is nothing but a wet cyclone, and that if it were put in an arid section of land, such as Kansas, it would turn into a mere revolving gust of wind, and probably be elected to the United States Senate. And a fat lot of good that did us right now, with Kansas three thousand miles away and our boat drifting powerless into the very maw of the leading monster.

The leading waterspout was almost upon the ship, and *June*



FATHER TO THE RESCUE: SEE THAT SPOUT!

Just watch *Captain Triplett* work the riot gun, or whatever it is, and bag a waterspout or two. And they do say he looks awfully like Heywood Broun, who conducts a column.

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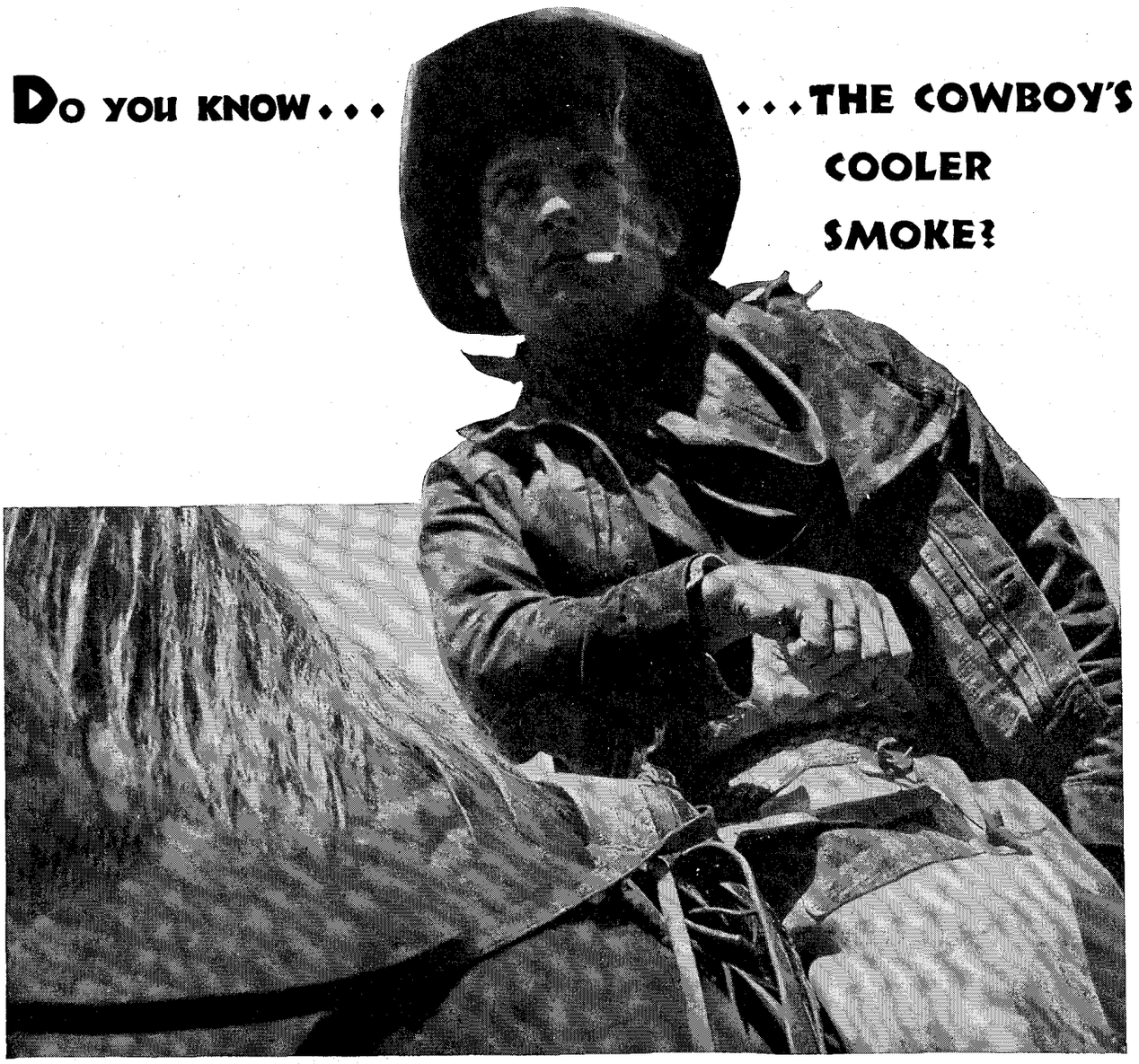
DO YOU KNOW . . . . . THE COWBOY'S COOLER SMOKE?



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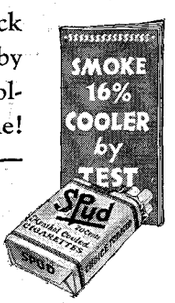

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JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

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could see its hungry maw dripping with anticipation." However:

Suddenly Father shouted: "June! My rifle!" I found his faithful .22, with which he was wont so often to shoot the sun, and handed it to him with trembling fingers.

Crack! With uncanny aim Father sent a single bullet through the middle of the enemy!

For a moment the waterspout halted dead in its tracks, swaying backward; then slowly it tilted forward, and collapsed with a horrible roar. Hundreds of tons of water, fish, seaweed, and a couple of tourists from a near-by steamer descended on our decks, as the stricken waterspout thrashed once or twice feebly, twitched convulsively, and disappeared into the sea.

The rest of the herd of waterspouts had halted, evidently nonplused by this sudden accident to their leader. Now they turned panic-stricken at the white man's magic, and scattered pell-mell toward the horizon with their tails between their legs.

Photograph by courtesy of *ASIA Magazine*

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE TOSSED BY THIS FOREST OF ARMS?

Such is the penalty of being chosen as chief protagonist at the good-luck *Hadaka Matsuri*, or "naked festival," of Japan, at which all struggle to touch the human "God."

While the rest of the crew was sweeping up the dead fish, June continued to stare at the sea, before us. A small wriggling motion had caught her eye. Reading on:

It seemed to rise and fall, moving away from us with uncertain steps in the general direction taken by the vanished herd, and now and again bleating piteously.

"Stop the ship," I called to Britches. "I think that's a baby waterspout."

Without a thought of danger I jumped overboard, and struck out after my prize. While the crew gathered along the taffrail to watch my chase, I plunged on after the baby spout. I would no sooner swim within easy reach of it, however, than it would flop just out of my grasp. With several swift strokes I overtook it again, but this time it dodged and floundered to the right, whimpering piteously and wriggling in its effort to escape. I overtook it once more. Cornered, it turned upon me and hummed in frantic terror.

I was nonplused as to the proper way to tame this wild creature, but a sudden idea struck me. I had noticed that the baby spout bore a slight resemblance to a cut-glass vase, similar to the cut-glass vases found in taxi-cabs. I slyly plucked a near-by sea-nasturtium, and reaching up in the air I thrust this flower down the roof of the little waterspout. My ruse broke its spirit. Slowly I saw its face twist into a grudging smile, and then as the full flavor of this absurd idea struck home, it broke into a laugh at the ridiculous picture it presented. In this helpless condition I led it back to the ship with ease, and hoisted it aboard in a bucket.

PLAYING ROUGH-HOUSE WITH A JAPANESE "GOD FOR A DAY"

BEING A TEMPORARY "DEITY" proved a strenuous business for the citizen of Inasawa. Thousands of his Japanese compatriots, clad only in loin-cloths and head-towels, mobbed him, catching him and tossing him in the air, much as a recruit is tossed by sailors. As he bounced above the heads of his worshipers, arms were stretched upward in the effort to touch him. It was the annual *Hadaka Matsuri*, or naked festival. The strenuously used but highly honored victim had been selected by the priests, John Ward Ostrom tells us in *Asia*. Touching this "deity" *pro tem.* during the festival is believed to give the toucher immunity against evil for the following year. Even those who succeed in touching the center of the festival receive a part of his power and are "mobbed" in turn, for they, too, are believed to be able to give at least a part of the immunity. Smaller mobs on this occasion formed about these "lucky" men, and they, in turn, were tossed by the pilgrims, who came from many different parts of the empire. Mr. Ostrom, who witnessed this strange rite while teaching in Japan last year, counted four such subsidiary groups at one time. As he stood in the frozen street of Inasawa, he saw, he tells us, the strangest assembly he had ever witnessed:

Hundreds of Japanese, some of them clad in only a loin-cloth and a head-towel, were assembling to witness and take part in the *Hadaka Matsuri*, at the shrine of Konomiya, a mile beyond the village. It was the last day of February, and the winter wind raced mercilessly over the narrow country road that led to the shrine. Men and women hobbled along in *geta*, or wooden shoes, which added to the hubbub made by the wind, the excited conversations, and the panting of naked men. Some of the pilgrims carried cakes and fruit bundled in *furoshiki*, which resemble oversized handkerchiefs; others, seeking food, swept through the open doors of diminutive shops in which were offered rice-cakes and pieces of fish fried over uncovered charcoal-fires. Inasawa was enjoying its annual gala events, and there was unquestioned promise of success, both financial and religious.

As I passed the railroad station, one of the trains, which were running on half-hour schedule throughout the morning, arrived with a new influx of pilgrims. The mile of roadway leading from the village to the shrine was clogged with worshipers, and reenforcements by the hundred were soon dammed up at the wicket of the station: the railroad tracks and platform teemed with them. I made an effort to stand my ground, but it was useless. A pentagonal red police hut offered me my only hope; I fought my way through the crowds, finally reached it and found it to be empty. Once inside, I could command an unmolested view of the battle. As I watched the human tide moving toward the shrine, I saw young men and old dart into buildings that abutted on the road and in a minute or two emerge, stript of all clothing save a loin-cloth and a head-towel. The houses into which they had gone were the dressing-rooms for those who took part in the festival. Often in files of three or more, the contestants rejoined the moving stream of people and with cries of "*Wassho! wassho!*" prest on their way. How intense must have been their enthusiasm to make them insensible of the cold! I shivered, even under my heavy coat, while I stood there marveling at the rhythmic play of muscles under the bronze skins, and realizing, as I had realized at no other time, that in the sixty-five inches of the Japanese stature was a physique well worth admiration.

From Tokyo, from Kanazawa, from Nagasaki, from the south of Kyushu they come, these pilgrims, "to cast off the malign spell of evil gods." The *Hadaka Matsuri* is an event of the greatest importance, we read, especially to men whose age is twenty-five or forty-two. And this is the manner in

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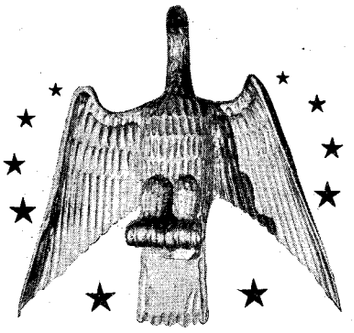


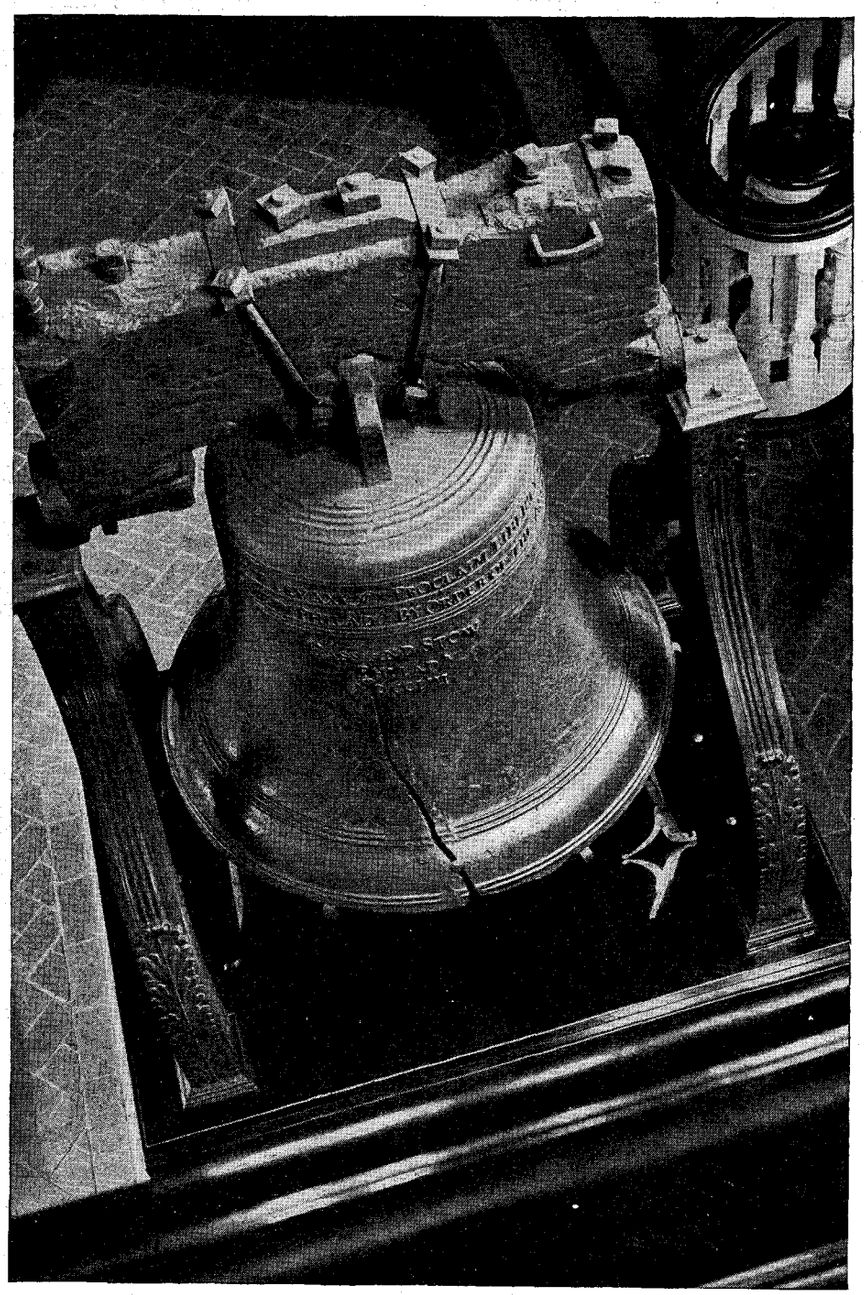
THIS FREEDOM

So MUCH has been said, so much has been written of the circumstances of our nation's birth, that it looms in our minds as some ancient and legendary conflict, a struggle among titans. Washington . . . Franklin . . . Adams . . . these names have an epic quality, a heroic ring. Their courage, their wisdom and tenacity seem more than human. Yet they were men like ourselves, peaceful and self-respecting, devoted and irrevocably dedicated to an exalted ideal of freedom.

This freedom, preserved for us at the cost of untold blood and suffering, is our most precious heritage. The right to come and go as we please, to say what we think, to worship as we desire, is guaranteed by every function of the State. In the common acceptance of the term, we are a free people.

But in an economic sense, from the point of view of lives fully and richly lived, our liberties are expanding day by day. Modern invention, modern manufacturing and merchandising, have won us a wider independence . . . more freedom of time . . . more freedom of action . . . greater freedom from toil, and privation, and care. And in this never-ending process the power of the printed page is strikingly and profoundly demonstrated. . . . For it is only by force of organized public opinion that liberty in any form is won.

N. W. Ayer & Son, Incorporated, Advertising Headquarters, Washington Square, Philadelphia. New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.



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Will you Serve Them?

BUSY factories in Piedmont Carolinas are making payrolls that buy groceries. This section stands high in the value of its agricultural products, yet the Carolinas yearly import $335,000,000 worth of foods and feedstuffs!

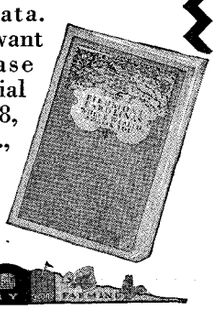
And the *quality* is high. One maker of bulk and packaged goods reports that his ratio of sales of the higher priced package line here runs 42% *above* his national average.

For four years Piedmont Carolinas has had record sales of electric ranges. Housewives here are interested in good cooking and good foods.

The opportunities for millers of flour and meal, cereal millers, meat packers, canners, preservers, creameries, ice cream makers, confectioners and other processers of foods, are unusually favorable.

Experience of those who have located here during the last few years is an index of what can be done.

Send for the facts. *Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You,* is filled with figures and data. Just what you want to know. Please address Industrial Dept., Room 1028, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

which the "god" of the turbulent ceremony is selected:

As the day for the festival draws near, the priests of the Konomiya shrine draw one name from a list of all such men in the neighborhood, call the bearer of it to the shrine and endow him with immunizing powers against evil; and, behold, a god has been created. They instruct him in the ritual, give him the names of his bodyguard chosen from the same list, and admonish him to conduct himself in the ensuing interval in a manner befitting their *kami*, or deities. Then, on what usually turns out to be one of the coldest days of February, the people come to Inasawa to touch the "god" or to obtain a piece of the sacred cloth that he or one of the "lesser gods"—those who have touched him—has handled. They come firm in the belief that this ritual is as efficacious against evil gods as is the power of those gods against them.

After the crowd from the train had thinned out somewhat, I left my shelter and joined those who were making their way to the shrine. As we moved along, we passed diseased beggars, who stretched forth terrifying arms for coppers; we passed shops wherein fish were being fried on spits or on wire frames over open charcoal-fires, where rice was being molded into various shapes and made appetizing by the use of strips of eel, seaweed, or chicken; we passed old men who were seated on boxes by the roadside, drinking *sake*, the national beverage, from gallon bottles. At the first opportunity I outdistanced my fellow pilgrims, and, as I made my way past them, they abruptly ceased their laughing, boasting, and shrieking to stare at me. I merely smiled and said as pleasantly as I could, "*Konnichiwa*"—"Good-day."

Suddenly I was jostled by a two-hundred-pound contestant, followed by three companions in line. I saw one of the pilgrims ahead of me offer the leader a towel. Those who do not wish to remove their clothing and join actively in the strenuous ceremony often participate in this slight, indirect way, and later they try to get a piece of towel from a contestant who has touched the "god" or one of the "lesser gods," and so to gain benefits without having endured the rigors of the contest.

A few rods from the *torii*, or portal, that marked the entrance to the shrine, I crossed an arched bridge. In the icy depths of the water below, men and boys were dipping themselves in order to regain vitality. They frolicked in the stream as if it brought from the far-off, snow-capped hills, not melted ice, but summer, sun-heated water. Through the *torii* the pilgrims fought, screamed, pushed their way to the rectangular avenue leading to the stands that bordered the compound. The naked contestants, on the other hand, prest on into the arena, and, quickly sighting the object of their attack, made for it with the directness of a rifle-bullet.

Their goal was plainly visible, a lone man, as naked as they. He was the hero of the day, the "god" of the *Hadaka Matsuri*. The men who held him up were his honorary guards, and the countless arms upstretched toward him were those of contestants seeking a contact with his body. Mr. Ostrom naturally wanted a better view of these picturesque rituals, so he tells us:

I made my way through the crowds, and finally found a point of vantage near the end of the south stand. From here I had a good view of the arena. But the screams of women and children and the guttural roar of men raised such a din in my ears that, had three bombs burst behind me, I should not, I know, have heard them. Hundreds of spectators on the side lines threw the weight of their bodies against the slender rope that held them back. There they leaned, like men resisting a strong wind; those in front unable to slip to the ground, because of the rope, and equally unable to stand straight up because of the pressure from behind of scores of heavy bodies. But the hemp held, and the ceremony went on. Once a contestant succeeded in touching the "god," he became immune from evil for a year, and he was frequently seized by other contestants and subjected to the same treatment as his prototype, in the belief that a certain degree of immunity might be gained in this way.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE DIGEST

"WHITE HOUSE journalism" may have a novel sound, but it is an activity in daily practise, we are assured by an Associated Press dispatch from Washington. The "yellow journal," as it is called, is President Hoover's private newspaper, a journal compiled from all available sources reflecting public opinion on topics within the President's immediate province. It is called "yellow," not because of any sensational tone, but for a reason that will presently appear. Of its general character we are told:

It consists of clippings mounted upon sheets of yellow foolscap, loosely bound together with the red tape that adorns, literally, so many of Washington's public documents.

Essentially, the President's paper is a compilation of news dispatches and editorial opinion, gleaned from the columns of more than thirty-five daily papers, which are received each morning at the Executive Mansion. But even this is not sufficient to meet the desires of the Chief Executive, and to it have been added the services of two specially selected clipping bureaus.

If his busy schedule permits, Mr. Hoover makes a careful study of the clippings before leaving his office, altho he sometimes takes them to the White House proper. He prefers, however, to dispose of "the yellow journal" before leaving his desk; it is not always possible to find time for reading in the evening.

The papers from which "the yellow journal" is compiled are the dailies of the larger cities. The task of combing the smaller papers has been given over to the clipping bureaus. These, incidentally, were chosen with some difficulty, as first inquiries revealed that only a few such establishments make a practise of clipping editorials.

The President's own newspaper was established during the Wilson Administration. It was the idea of Joseph Tumulty, President Wilson's secretary, and was used in varying degrees by both President Harding and President Coolidge. At the outset of the Hoover Administration its scope was enlarged.

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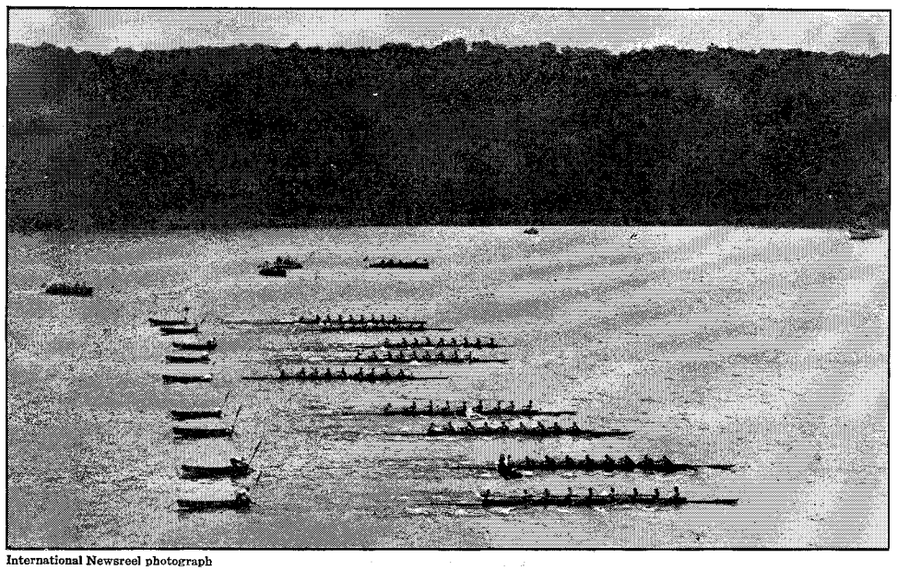
SPORTS • AND • ATHLETICS

HOW COLUMBIA WON SEVENTY-TWO SHIRTS

NINE CREWS OF VARSITY OARSMEN forging grandly through darkness and choppy waters, which swamp four of them, while 125,000 spectators strain their eyes to see as much as the deepening gloom on the Hudson River will allow. Nine men to a crew, and all had mutually wagered their shirts on winning. Seventy-two shirts to be collected by the victorious crew! And collected they were, forsooth, by overjoyed Columbia, we learn from W. O. McGeehan's account in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Sculling from boat-house to boat-house after the race, to the music of toots and sirens, the winners methodically loaded their slender shell with perfectly good shirts, the symbolic trophies of a glorious victory.



International Newsreel photograph

LINED UP FOR THE START AMID EVENING'S GATHERING SHADOWS

In the thirty-two years that this annual regatta has been held under the towering cliffs of Highland, there has never been a race like this one, declares Robert F. Kelley in the New York *Times*. Started "after a long series of delays that finally saw the crews sent away from the marks in almost complete darkness," he continues, "the biggest fleet in the history of eight-oared rowing started, but the river took its toll before they had finished. Of the nine starting boats, only five rode through the rollers to the finish line. And in the four that went down were two that had been expected to provide some of the fighting." Summarizing the exciting events which made the race memorable, Mr. Kelley relates, under a Poughkeepsie date-line:

California and Cornell, soon after the towering steel framework of the railroad bridge at the third mile had been passed, sank, and Syracuse joined them in swimming. Early in the race, before the three miles had been completed, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology oarsmen, on their first visit to this greatest of regattas, stopt rowing with water around their waists and swam for it.

Columbia, rowing a great and gallant race, came from behind in the last two miles and raced an amazing Washington crew into the river to win by two and a half lengths. These two, when the other eights filled up and dropt back, had the race entirely to themselves.

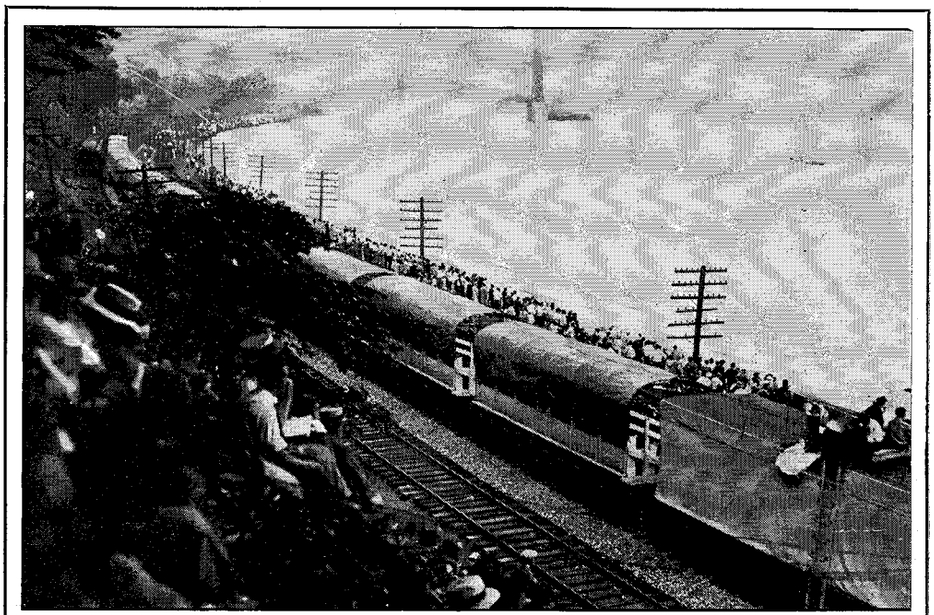
Washington was more than eight lengths ahead of Pennsylvania in third place, and Penn had four and a quarter lengths over a Navy eight that had made a good deal of the racing through the opening stretches, and hung on pretty well until a mile and a half from the finish. The last survivor was Mike Murphy's Wisconsin crew, sticking at a slow beat all the way and just rowing to stay above water. Even so, the Middle Westerners closed in on Navy and were a bit more than three lengths behind it at the close.

The time for the race was very slow. Columbia rowed the four miles in 22:58 and the following times were Washington 23:08 4-5, Pennsylvania 23:41 2-5, Navy 23:58 4-5 and Wisconsin 24:09 2-5.

There have not been such scenes of wild confusion in a big boat-race in the modern history of rowing, exclaims Mr. Kelley, adding:

At the end the scene beggared description, with coaching boats, their riding lamps lit, darting about the river rescuing men who had rowed for three miles, and then found themselves called upon to swim about in the half light of early night.

The river, almost completely in the grip of night, was ablaze



Acme Newspicture

DOES THE AMERICAN PUBLIC LIKE TO SEE A VARSITY BOAT-RACE?
You may find the answer in this glimpse of the river crowds, showing the observation train.

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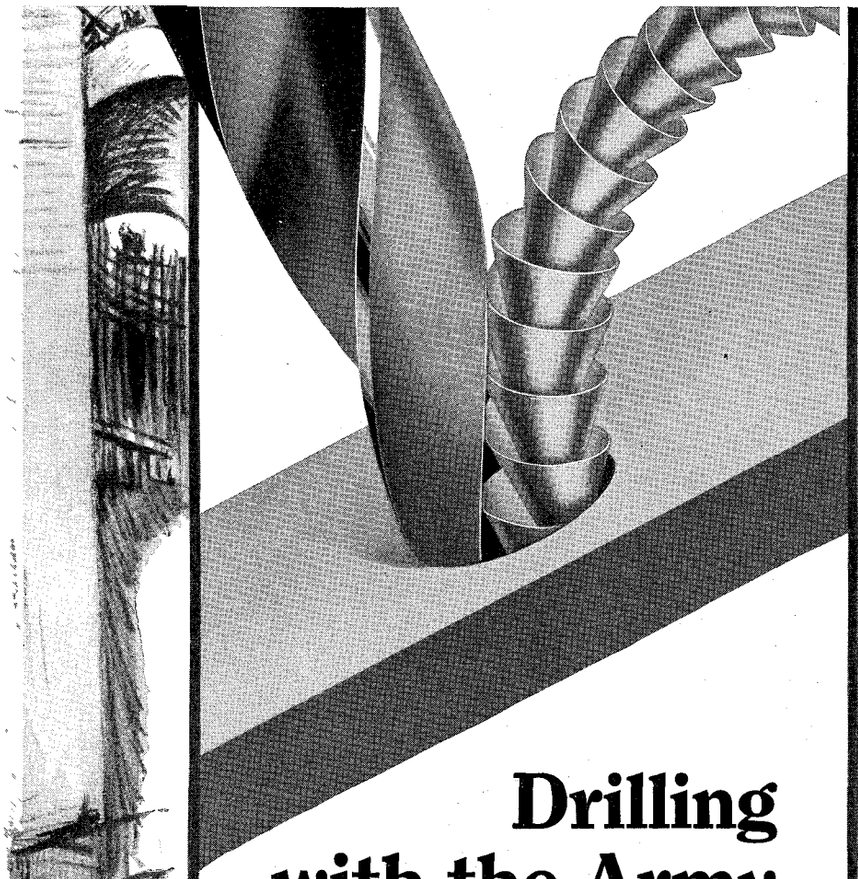

Drilling with the Army at Culebra Cut

THE great lock gates of the Panama Canal are studded with heavy bolts. Bolts meant holes—and holes meant drills—W. & B.

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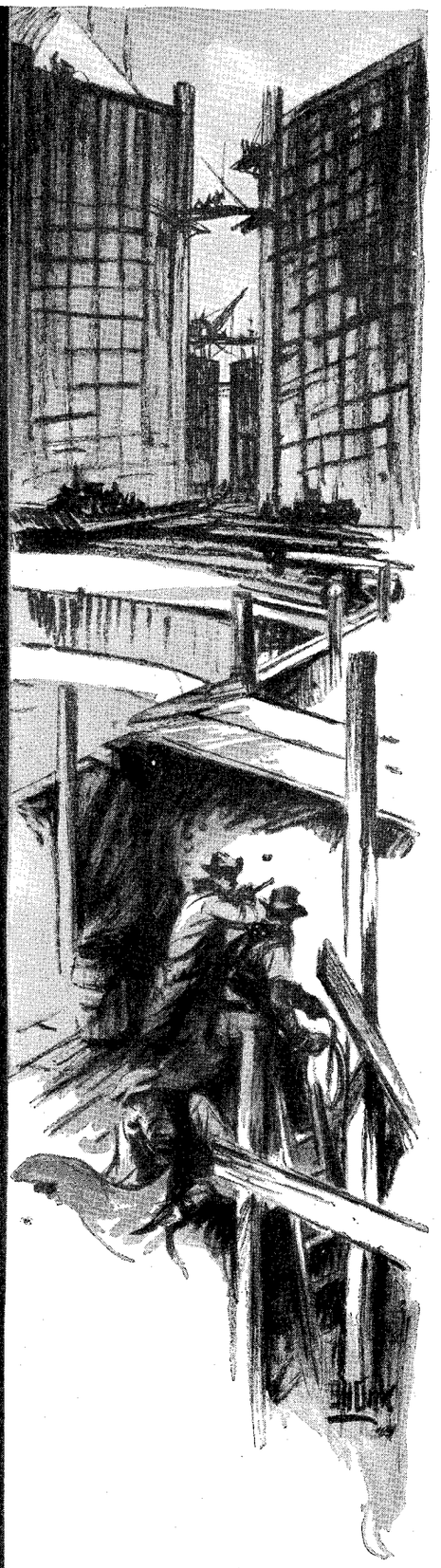

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

with the lights of the biggest fleet of yachts and river boats ever to see this race. Observers on the bank, in the observation train, and on most of the boats, were unable to tell what crews were sinking in the wild, darkened scene of confusion. But one thing stood out vividly: there was no mistaking the Columbia crew.

There went Columbia, moved over in the outside lane left open by the sinking Syracuse boat, swinging along beautifully, rhythmically, and powerfully, triumphant over the other crews in the race, and over the river itself. Columbia's victory is among the greatest sporting achievements ever put down on record.

Out in the middle of the river, right bang into the worst water in the lane between those of Tech, the first shell to swamp, and California, the New Yorkers rowed an intelligent and vividly courageous race to come through to the second championship of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association scored by them in the past three years. Capt. Horace Davenport's Columbia varsity has gone through its season undefeated, and it deserves all of its laurels.

The varsity race came at the end of a day which broke all records for this event. Never before has this course seen the crowd that came here, promised one of the best boat-races ever rowed.

They rode on a thirty-six car observation train that was jammed to overflowing, most cars carrying standing passengers, and they stood and sat aboard a fleet of boats that reached into the hundreds when you counted launches and rowboats as well as the huge, cumbersome river liners. All along the four miles of the course the banks were lined deep with humanity, and halfway up the hillside into Poughkeepsie they stood on the roofs of buildings, ferry slips, wharves, and even on the huge white piles of concrete that mark the approaches of the new bridge in course of construction.

The crowd was spotted with notables. Every prominent figure of rowing was here, either on the train or the referee's boat, Gen. W. W. Skiddy's *Runabout*. Just off the finish line a sullen-looking destroyer lay, with Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, and his party aboard, including Rear-Admiral S. S. Robison, Superintendent of the Naval Academy.

The confusion and the heart-breaking swampings that came to the men in four of the boats, who had worked all year for this event, were the indirect result of the tremendous entry this regatta had this year. A total of twenty-two shells were sent away from the starting stake boats in the breezes, and two of the races were great, stirring duels, particularly the second for junior varsity eights.

In the first one for freshmen, Syracuse and old Jim Ten Eyck had their only triumph of the day when a great-looking crew of first-year men pounded an easy thirty-two through pretty lumpy water to a clear-cut but hard-earned victory over California, Cornell, Navy, Columbia, Tech, and Pennsylvania in that order.

Then came a lull in the wind that has blown up-stream here for the past three days, and in this lull was staged a beautiful back-breaking fight between six crews, which saw nearly all of them with a chance to come through in the final mile. In the end Cornell had three-quarters of a length over Columbia, catching it in the last mile. Columbia led Navy, which had a great closing spurt to beat Washington, and Syracuse and Pennsylvania following along.

In both of these races the task of starting a big fleet brought about delay. In the first race there were two false starts. Then, after a long delay, Referee Julian Curtiss sent away the junior varsities, only to find Columbia sitting on the line, the coxswain's hand raised in the air in signal of unreadiness.

When the junior boatloads finally were sent away the time was almost exactly that originally intended as the starting time for the varsity eights. In the end the varsity crews started off an hour late, and the wind and tide, bucking each other, had succeeded in marring things.

Here we are given a taste of the life and color along the river preceding and during the preliminary races, and leading up to the great event. Thus:

Tickets on the train were bringing fancy prices from the speculators who weaved through the crowds, chanting their ritual of "Observation train tickets, I buy or sell." Those without tickets or about to go on, started for the river banks early, basket lunches on their arms, and the shore held hundreds of picnic parties through the middle of the day.

Nearly all of the stores closed early, and the employees were allowed the half-holiday that this race always brings to the countryside for miles around. By mid-afternoon the pilgrimage to the shore was on in earnest. Taxicabs and automobiles started down the hill and through the main streets three deep with gray-hatted and holstered State police weaving among them with motorcycles in an effort to get some sort of order.

Getting to the other side of the river here, where the train runs, is a serious problem. The ferry-boats poked back and forth across the river, jammed tight with humanity; hundreds of little launches darted through among the big fleet anchored near the finish line, laden to the water-line. All along the shore people walked and drove to vantage points.

The sun, for a while, won a brief victory over the clouds and lit up the scene as the observation train filled slowly and the river swarmed with life. Besides the destroyer at the finish were dozens of white-hulled yachts and two high-sided river liners, their decks packed with humanity.

Overhead as the late boats maneuvered into position six or seven planes droned monotonously up and down, standing out dully against the heavy bank of clouds that had set in again, shutting out the sun. One big flying-boat came zooming down low over the course, landed, and taxied to shore as the train started up-stream. Another, with a shining black hull and gleaming yellow wings, dropt just below the railroad bridge, at the famous start of the last mile, and its passengers clambered out to sit on it and gain a beautiful view of the festivities.

When the varsity crews began coming to the start night had almost won a complete victory over the day. A haze hung over the river and added to the darkness, but along the hills behind Poughkeepsie a long, lighter line of clouds threatened a storm. Against them, on the hill just opposite the start, the lonely buildings of the monastery stood out in bold relief.

A few drops of rain fell, and the crowd, sitting in shirt-sleeves and light dresses in the oppressive, humid heat, started to move uneasily. But the rain held off. It might have been better if it had come, for

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then the waters would have flattened down. Instead, the wind rose a bit.

Several crews got up to the line early and lay there behind the starting stake boats, marshaled by their coaches' launches, a huge, strange armada of frail-looking craft. For quite a while they stayed there, waiting for Tech, and, finally, Cornell, which had apparently started late from its boat-house away down the river.

In the last, dying light of day, they paddled to the stake boats and stretched forth across the water, we are told, an unforgetable sight as eighty-one men moved into position for what was confidently expected to prove the greatest aquatic drama of history. Reading on:

The tide, by this time running strong gave them a terrific amount of trouble in ining up. It swung the crews around and kept the men frantically backing water to traighten out again.

Two or three times the booming, dramatic voice of Referee Curtiss roared out, 'Are you ready, all?" as the train sat in ilence, waiting. Each time two or three oxswains' hands rose high in the air to ignal distress. Finally he called again nd then came the flash and bark of his tarting gun. But he had overlooked Cornell's raised hand, and back came the rews again for another start. More lelays, and finally another gun flashed, vith this time Bob Berman signaling from he stern of Columbia.

By this time it was impossible to disinguish the little flags set in the bows of the raft and the colors of oar-blades. It was nly at the start, while they held to their anes, that the watchers on the train could nd their eights. Finally, on the third ry, they went away, and immediately ld Dick Glendon's Navy crew began he game fight it made to redeem a season isappointing and unsuccessful.

The Navy crew, swinging in well back i the Glendon stroke, was off in front, with olumbia behind and Cornell third. Caliornia was fourth, but people in the train ad not yet begun to realize the terrific fight o live that faced the oarsmen out on the iver. Behind them were Washington, Penn, Visconsin, Syracuse, and Tech in that order.

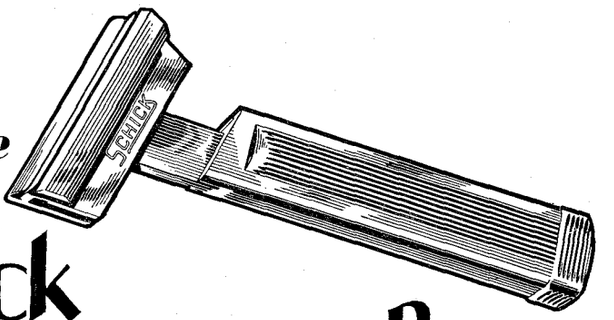
For the first part of the race, Navy, olumbia, and Washington stayed out in ront. Immediately it became certain that alifornia was suffering and dropping teadily out of it. There was no concerted heering on the train, just confused shouts s various watchers tried to find their rews in the darkness.

Washington, in the first half-mile, oved up into the fight. This eight and he Navy missed some of the early rough ater that was hitting the crews out in the iver. Some of the eights started out at a arly high stroke, but it was impossible to eep the stroke up in that kind of sea, and ey all dropt. Most of the race was owed in the low thirties, and sometimes ey dropt to twenty-nine. It was a fierce, rutal fight to stay up and get ahead of e other crews.

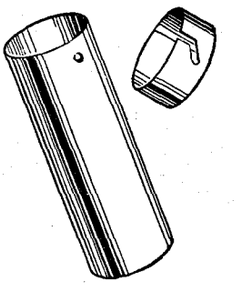
At the end of the first mile Navy was olding its lead by the slim margin of a few et against the white-tipped blades of a Vashington crew that was closing in like ad, and had moved ahead of Columbia. he Californians, filling early, were steadily ropping back out of it. They had first gged their shell high for rough water, hanged their minds and rigged low again hen it looked like smooth going, and then ere lost when it turned rough again.

Around the two-mile mark Tech, making

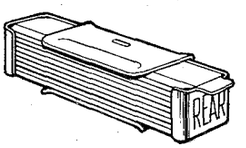
This is the Schick Repeating Razor



This is the round brass cartridge which holds the clip of 20 Schick blades when you buy it. It also makes a convenient container for used blades.



This is the clip of 20 superkeen Schick Steel blades that slips into Schick's handle. Schick's handle is a magazine that holds them all and protects the blades absolutely. Their superkeen edges cannot be touched by hand until they touch your face.



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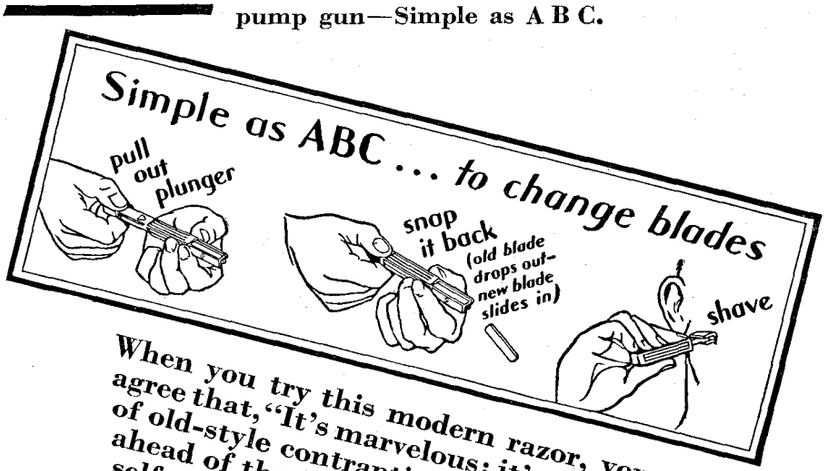

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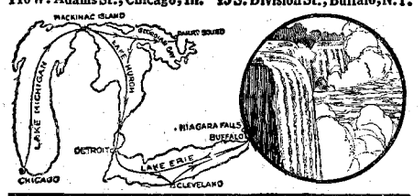

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

heavy weather of it, began to sink at the stern, and immediately their coaches beat close in on them and took the men from the water as they sank. Then for the first time, those on the train realized the state of the water. Leaving that accident behind, the race went along with Columbia, splashing but fighting hard out in the middle, staying gamely with Navy and Washington, and the other crews dropping slowly behind.

Syracuse stayed up for a while, but dropt back in the middle distances. Wisconsin was never up far, and California never a factor. Inside in the inner lane Penn plugged along, rowing well and gamely to finish up much higher than it had expected at the start of the race. In the meantime interest centered on the contest among the other three crews.

For the second mile and part of the third it looked as tho Columbia was not going to be able to do it, says Mr. Kelley, but:

The two other crews were staying at their work and holding out in front. They had a lead of almost a length at one period, but in the third mile Columbia, still rowing steadily and evenly, began closing in on them. Navy here began to fade, and Columbia caught it at the two-and-a-half-mile point. Then Columbia moved up to within a half-length of Washington, and as they rowed up under the pilings of the railroad bridge, Columbia had caught the Huskies.

From there on Columbia added to its lead and went steadily away in the closing stretches to a great and completely earned victory. Nothing can be taken from Columbia's achievement to-day. The eight men—Walters, Murphy, Walker, Sanford, Douglas, Blesse, Davenport, and MacBain—steered by Berman, wrote their names indelibly into the history of this regatta.

There was credit enough for all of the crews in to-day's race. It took great courage and real racing hearts to stand up in the face of the going. Four of the men in the Columbia boat, Walker, Sanford, Davenport, and MacBain, have finished their college careers that started as freshmen in 1926.

In that career they have never been worse than second at Poughkeepsie, winning as freshmen and sophomores, coming second to California last year, and winning again this year. And Berman has been steering them each year. Columbia will remember them for a long while.

For California, the end of the trail that came here by way of Holland and a world's championship, ended neck-deep in the turbid waters of the Hudson. It was a terrific disappointment to the men from the Pacific coast, but they have risen to the top of the heap in the past.

To Cornell, also, with the highest hopes in years, the result was heart-breaking, but the luck of the game was against it to-day, as well as a superbly rowing and coached crew that would have been close to winning under any conditions as it rowed to-night.

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PSYCHOANALYZING THE YANKEES AND ATHLETICS

BABE RUTH had grown rusty. In the first game of the double-header he damaged not a single ball, and his team lost the game, G. W. Daley tells us in the New York *World*. But in the second game the rust had worn away, and the Battering Bam came into his own with two home runs, each with two men on bases. And as a result, the New York Yankees split the day's two games with the Philadelphia Athletics. It was the most crucial series of the baseball season, as many a sports writer has dubbed it. It was played recently in New York between the champion Yanks and the Athletics, who are leading the American League as we write, with the New Yorkers trailing in second place. The contest would seem to be definitely between these two teams, and the big question is whether the Philadelphia club can keep and improve the eight-and-one-half-game lead with which it emerged from this series, in which it won three out of five games. We are warned against too great confidence, however, by sports writers, who remind us that last year the Yankees had an even greater lead at this time, yet barely finished the league season ahead. To many observers the situation is psychological. In past years the Athletics have been afraid of the Yankees, we are told. Have they now enough confidence? As for Babe Ruth, who so gallantly won the second game of the first day of the series under consideration, it will be recalled that he had recently been indisposed. Many had feared that he would be out of the game for the rest of the season. But he refused to believe it. As Joe Williams outlines the situation in the New York *Telegram:*

Mr. Ruth only recently escaped from a doctor's chambers, and was supposed to be suffering from a choice assortment of maladies, which ranged from housemaid's knee to plumber's colic.

It was disclosed to a sobbing world in screeching head-lines that the great man was hopelessly ill, and would never play again except in the Elysian Fields, equipped with halo, harp, and shoulder-blade propellers.

But there is more obstinacy in George Herman than, than—boy, bring me that book of similes—ah, there is more obstinacy in George Herman than you will find in a Missouri mule, and even when his obituaries are published he refuses to believe them.

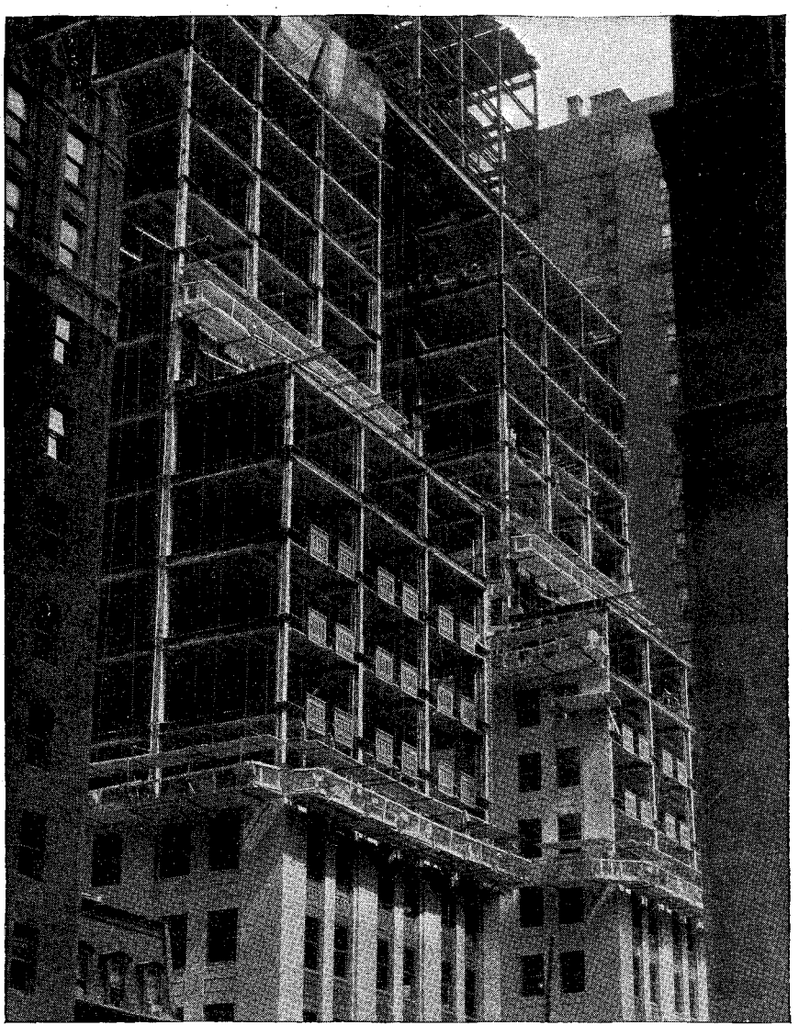
Absolutely ignoring the sentimentalists of the press, Mr. Ruth waddled out on the battle-field yesterday unattended by either a governess, a nurse, or a keeper. He looked about as anemic as the Zbyszko brothers after inhaling a truck of hay.

While Rud Rennie, in *The Herald Tribune* of the same city, describes what happened in these more technical terms:

George H. Ruth, the well-known convalescent, took a little light exercise just as it was beginning to look as if he were simply out for an airing along with the rest of the Yankees.

Our champions, Ruth included, were

• ACRES IN THE AIR •



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

engaged in playing a double-header with the league-leading Philadelphia Athletics. A crowd of 66,145 warm and wild-eyed fans sat packed in the capacious stands, attracted by the significance of this do-or-die series between the two leading teams of the league.

Ruth and the Yankees had wilted in the first game, under the masterful pitching of Robert Moses Grove, the A's tall left-handed pitching ace. To add to their woes, Al Simmons had made five hits out of five times at bat, two of them home runs, and had scored five times. Mule Haas had hit a homer. And Foxx had banged out two singles, a double and a triple. With only seven scattered hits among them, the Yankees had lost by a score of 11 to 1.

The second game was four and a half innings old. The Babe had not made a hit all afternoon, and the Yankees, trailing along on the short end of a 3-to-1 score, were in an excellent position to lose the second game also. But at this particular point in the proceedings, Ruth became acclimated. His eagle eye became accustomed to the speed of the sphere thrown by the opposing pitcher. He indulged in a little light exercise.

He began in a modest way by hitting a single which drove in a run, and concluded by hitting two home runs, his eleventh and twelfth, into the crowded right-field bleachers. In this way he drove in seven of the eight Yankee runs, wrecked the ball game and sent it crashing down upon the aspiring heads of Mr. Connie Mack's Athletics.

But despite the Babe's performance, the Philadelphians won the series, emerging from it in even better shape than they entered. This causes another *Telegram* sports writer, who signs himself simply "Daniel," to wonder if there is a new psychology in the Athletics' camp as regards the New York team. As this idea is elaborated, we read:

> Has that feeling of awe and inferiority which was hammered into the Mackmen in 1927 and 1928, and was strest in the series for the pennant here last September, given place to a spirit of fierceness and abandon?
>
> Last season it was yodeled in the public places around the circuit—yea, even in the shadow of William Penn himself—that when it came to battling the Yankees, the Athletics were not game. And when all the returns were in, the Yankees had won sixteen out of twenty-two from the A's, nine of the New York successes having been recorded in Shibe Park.
>
> All through the winter certain citizens among the Mackmen smarted under the sting of the imputation that they had lacked aggressiveness in their amenities with the Yankees. And they made a bold resolve. They showed a brand new spirit right off the reel in their 1929 relations with the Huggins troupe, with the result that the A's already have won half as many games as they took all last season from the Yankees.
>
> The Athletics believe that 1928 should have been their year, and that it would have been their season if Connie Mack hadn't taken Jimmy Foxx off first base. The Mackmen to-day feel that this for a certainty will be their year. They point to their own improved form, they refer to the law of averages, and they broadcast the inference that the Yankees aren't the Yankees of old, and have become somewhat cloyed with sweets and surfeited with success. They refer us to the record books to prove that no American League club ever has won four pennants in succession.
>
> There is no getting away from the fact that the aforementioned law of averages and the record book have made the Athletics bolder. And there is no doubting the fact that some of the Yankees at times have given an imitation of the boy who got a job in a candy-shop, and after a while got so stuffed with chocolates that the very sight of a bonbon made him sick.
>
> The New Yorks insist that their spirit will batter down the Athletics again and carry them through. They believe the illness of Babe Ruth, who is back with them after an absence since June 1; the sickness of Bob Meusel, the shake-up which benched Mark Koenig and Lyn Lary, all have served to rouse the world champions out of the doldrums and fill them with a new ambition.

Turning again to Joe Williams's entertaining *Telegram* column, we are told more about how mental attitude may win or lose ball games:

> For the past several seasons Connie Mack's young gents have looked like champions in the gymnasium, but just as soon as you took them away from the big bags and sent them against real opposition they would fold up like a Knute Hansen, only quicker.
>
> This condition represents one of the strangest psychological quirks known to baseball, and Connie Mack, aware of its existence, once explained its presence on the ground that his young gents had spent so many years in the cellar that any suggestion they might rise to championship levels promptly provoked extreme fright and nervousness, accompanied by a general collapse.
>
> A startling demonstration of the vicious effects of the malady as it gript the team a year ago was made when the Yankees, reeling and groggy themselves, won three out of four in a series with the championship at stake last September.
>
> It will be recalled that the Yankees went into an early lead last year and at one time were out in front by thirteen and one-half games, or about as far as from here to Saginaw, Michigan, as the Bunion Derby runners travel. Passing the half-season mark, they began to slump: Pennock's arm went bad, Koenig couldn't pick up a ball unless it had handles, Lazzeri was out, Moore was of no value, save as a sturdy reminder of the Oklahoma peasantry, and finally Combs pulled up lame.
>
> Presenting a makeshift front, the champions began to toss away ball games with a prodigality that must have been thoroughly offensive to the Coolidges. They became nudge-overs for practically every team in the league. But they didn't worry. They said they would beat the Athletics in the September series that remained to be played, and that those victories would decide the race. They did.
>
> This incident is reviewed by way of illustrating the way one ball club felt about another in the heat of a pennant fight, and how the psychology of the situation worked out.
>
> In words to the same pointed and arrogant effect, the Yankees warned the Athletics days in advance they were going to knock them prostrate and walk all over

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them, without taking the formality to remove their spikes. The burden of proof was strictly on Connie Mack's young gents. The three out of four result seems to provide an adequate answer.

Fat Willie Meehan, the butter-ball of the California coast, used to say of Dempsey, "There's one guy I can always whip." The Yankees felt much the same way about the Athletics last year. No matter how the other teams smacked them around, Philadelphia was one team they knew they could whip.

But this is another year, as you will learn by your calendar, and the situation is a bit different. So are the ball clubs and the weather.

In no one department do the Yankees appear strong enough to claim superior strength. All down the line the Athletics seem to have a bulging edge. Their present position at the head of the parade has been legitimately achieved.

I have a notion that the Yankees are in for a lot of grief. In several important respects the picture this year is different from the one of a year ago. It is quite possible for a team marked by its vacillating tendencies to acquire confidence in itself, and the Athletics are certainly playing like a team that is going places and seeing things.

This Will TTT U.—

There's a naughty little Blue J,
Who likes so much to TTT;
That he flies around the garden,
And picks Aunt Lucy's PPP.

Aunt Lucy's very sorry,
When his naughty pranks she CCC;
As she goes out to the garden
To 'tend her hive of BBB.

All summer she's been willing
His mischief to X-QQQ;
But she says, if he doesn't stop it,
Drastic measures she must UUU.

This naughty little Blue J
Is very smart and YYY;
And he has a merry twinkle
In his round black III.

While other people work,
He talks and takes his EEE;
This naughty little Blue J,
Who likes so much to TTT.

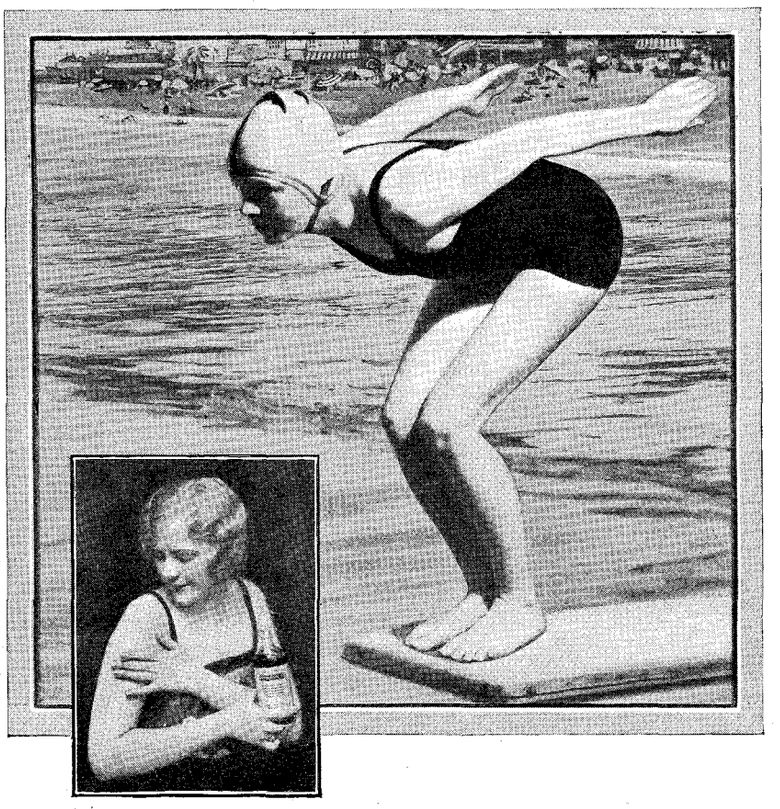
—*Edith O'Brien in the Western Christian Advocate.*

Golden Rule at the Wheel.—*The Christian Register* prints the following prayer for motorists, by Harry McCreary:

"Teach us to drive through life without skidding into other people's business. Preserve our brake lining, that we may stop before we go too far. Help us to hear the knocks in our own motors and close our ears to the clashing of other people's gears. Keep alcohol in our radiators and out of our stomachs. Absolve us from the mania of trying to pass the other automobile on a narrow road. Open our eyes to the traffic signs, and keep our feet on the brakes."—*Christian Evangelist.*

On to Her Curves.—Teacher was trying to explain the use of adverbs as applied to speed. Walking across the room very rapidly she turned and asked: "Now, how would you say I walked then, children?"

With one accord, and without a smile, they all shouted: "Bow-legged!"—*Boston Transcript.*



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INVESTMENTS ▪ AND ▪ FINANCE

LOOKING FOR EXITS FROM OIL'S "BLIND ALLEY"

AFTER THE FAILURE of the oil executives, Governors and representatives of oil-producing States, and spokesmen for the Washington Administration at the Colorado Springs conference to get together on an anti-overproduction program, it seemed to many of our newspapers that the petroleum industry had run up a blind alley. Representative was the comment of the Cincinnati *Enquirer:*

With no change of the anti-trust laws in sight, the producing companies are powerless to agree among themselves to restrict their output. With the producing States unwilling to risk losing a wee bit of next year's profits, no compact of the States is possible. And the government at Washington is not legally in a position to act.

But perhaps it is not as bad as it seems, for there are stout assertions that the petroleum conference really accomplished something, and just as definite declarations that the oil industry can now go ahead and solve its problem in its own way. Chairman Mark L. Requa of the conference is convinced that the gathering was really "a great step forward in the industrial history of the United States," that it focused the eyes of the nation on the difficulties of the industry, that those present learned much, and that the other conferences scheduled to follow the one in Colorado will be able to work out a practicable and workable program. In *Barron's Weekly* we read that the next conference will be held in the fall or the winter, at the call of President Hoover. Ira Rinehart, the New York *Evening Post* representative at the conference, thinks that much good accrued to the industry. He quotes some oil men as believing that the meeting has shown that a pact between oil-producing States is unnecessary and perhaps impractical. This writer seems to lean to the opinion, after his conversations with oil men, that an interstate compact is unnecessary. Every oil-producing State except Texas and California "has a demand for far more oil than it can produce and market"—

There is little or no waste. Conservation is being practised just as efficiently as it could be if it were conducted under the guise of an interstate compact.

There could be more stringent laws developed governing the waste of gas, but that could be handled by the States themselves.

One outgrowth of the Colorado Springs conference was the formation of the Independent Petroleum Association, favoring a tariff on oil and modification of the Presidential order stopping oil production on public lands. While the New York *Times* is one of many newspapers which think "the nation as a whole is sure to agree to the President's general purpose," the Denver *Post* voices much sentiment in its part of the country when it declares that "if the Hoover policy of strangulation-conservation should ever become effective in this country, the big oil companies would be able to override all opposition and to charge the consumers of oil and gasoline whatever the oil men pleased for their products."

Undoubtedly, the conference revealed the difficulties in the way of the Administration's oil-conservation program, we read in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce.* "Manifestly an interstate treaty can not possibly be agreed to by the oil-producing States except after an interval of years," and then no one can tell how long it will be before the necessary consent of Congress could be procured. This being the case, and in view of Secretary Wilbur's declaration that something must be done "at once" to check overproduction, the Chicago daily feels that "the oil industry ought to proceed with its original conservation plan of limiting the 1929 production to the amount produced in 1928":

Because the Federal Administration intimated an objection, the American Petroleum Institute, with its accustomed cautiousness, refrained from putting its plan into effect. Production of crude oil since April 1, when the conservation was to have been begun, has probably averaged a quarter-million barrels a day in excess of the daily production during the corresponding period last year. In other words, ever since April 1 the country has been producing about a quarter-million barrels a day more than it would have produced if the American Petroleum Institute had not decorously submitted to the Administration's intimated veto of the conservation plan.

It has been indicated that if the plan (indorsed by the Chief of the United States Geological Survey) were to be carried out, the United States Department of Justice might prosecute the participants in the plan on the ground that they were unlawfully engaged in restricting interstate commerce. But it has been judicially held that the production of subsoil commodities is not interstate commerce. As long as the conservation agreement applies only to production, and makes no reference to commerce, it may reasonably be contended that the plan does not contravene the Federal laws. It is obvious that the producers have nothing directly to lose by proceeding with the conservation plan. The worst that could happen would be a judicial decree preventing them from persisting in their attempt; and in that case they would be no worse off than now.

It is not worth while to continue this waste merely because of a fear of offending the Administration. If the oil industry acts thoughtfully and considerately in effecting its conservation plans, it will not provoke the displeasure of the public. And as long as the public is not displeased, the industry need not fear that Congress will vote to regulate it. The industry ought, therefore, to proceed with its conservation plan.

Until recently "conservation in the petroleum industry has been largely conversation," we read in a review of the petroleum

THE CRUDE OIL SITUATION

Number of barrels produced and consumed in recent years. From Review of the Oil Industry in 1928, by F. B. Keech and Company

	Refinery Consumption Dom. & Imptd. Crude Oils	*Per Cent. of Gain*	*Exports Domestic & Imptd. Crude*	*Total Consumption Rfg., Expts. & Other Uses*	*Domestic Production Crude Oil*	*Imports Mexican & S. A. Crudes*	*Total New Supply Dom. & Imptd. Crude*	*Gain or Loss Crude Stocks*
1928	912,831,000	10%	18,973,000	966,645,000	900,364,000	79,583,000	979,947,000	+13,302,000
1927	828,835,000	6.2%	15,843,000	896,513,000	901,129,000	58,383,000	959,512,000	+62,999,000
1926	779,264,000	5.7%	15,407,000	858,947,000	770,874,000	60,382,000	931,256,000	−27,691,000
1925	739,920,000	15%	13,335,000	814,383,000	763,743,000	61,824,000	825,567,000	+11,184,000
1924	643,719,000	10%	17,973,000	766,435,000	713,940,000	77,775,000	791,715,000	+25,280,000
1923	581,238,000	16%	17,385,000	732,247,000	732,407,000	82,015,000	814,422,000	+82,175,000
1922	500,706,000	13%	10,163,000	602,595,000	557,531,000	127,308,000	684,839,000	+82,244,000
1921	443,363,000	2%	8,940,000	534,972,000	472,183,000	125,364,000	597,547,000	+62,575,000
1920	433,915,000	20%	8,757,000	539,289,000	442,929,000	106,175,000	549,104,000	+ 9,815,000
1919	301,520,000	10%	6,019,000	426,481,000	378,367,000	52,822,000	431,189,000	+ 4,708,000
1918	326,025,000	3%	4,901,000	417,174,000	355,928,000	37,736,000	393,664,000	−23,510,000
1917	315,132,000	27%	4,668,000	335,959,000	329,000,000	30,162,000	359,162,000	−23,203,000
1916	246,992,000	....	4,645,000	328,354,000	300,767,000	20,570,000	321,337,000	− 7,017,000

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

situation sent out by the Stock Exchange house of F. B. Keech and Company. But the industry has had to take cognizance of "a continued overproduction of crude oil, excess refinery capacity, overexpansion of marketing facilities, and constantly increasing stocks of raw and finished products." The inability of the American Petroleum Institute to secure governmental approval for its entire program has not stopt regional conservational programs in Oklahoma, California, and west Texas. Voluntary conservation in California gives way this summer to a State law providing for the conservation of natural gas through restricted drilling, and sanctioning voluntary agreements. To quote further:

The ultimate success of the industry's conservation policy depends upon the large operators.

Briefly, what the industry needs is a moratorium on drilling.

In the long view, the crude-oil situation presents an encouraging background. Adoption of automobile transportation has been growing at such a rapid pace in Europe, South America, and the Antipodes, that refinery expansion in foreign countries is inevitable, with a resultant increase in crude-oil consumption.

The beneficial effects of restricted production in the light-oil fields of Oklahoma and Texas are becoming evident as the industry moves into the period of high-refining activity.

The outlook for the refining branch of the oil industry for 1929, while optimistic from surface indications, presents underlying weaknesses which can be avoided only by continuation of the caution which marked refinery operations during 1928.

Obviously, the sensible refiner must watch his step and keep his output within the bounds of consumptive demand within his natural marketing territory.

Unquestionably the petroleum industry is working toward better economic practises. Only the most optimistic, however, will be led to believe that the whole body of producers can be educated to think in terms of the industry as a whole rather than in terms of their own selfish interests. Only the most drastic disciplining or regulation through State legislation can bring about this much-needed result.

"That the petroleum industry has definitely turned the corner and is destined to emerge victorious in the battle against overproduction is evidenced by the remarkable cooperative spirit that has pervaded the ranks of oil producers," writes H. J. Struth, economist of *The Oil Weekly* (Houston), in *Barron's Weekly*. He finds cause for gratification in the fact that "the States that have been chiefly responsible for overproduction, namely, California, Oklahoma, and Texas, have adopted production schedules that can not fail materially to improve the oil situation this year." It seems to this authority that our total domestic output will be about 940,000,000 barrels, an increase of about 40,000,000 barrels over last year.

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UNCLE SAM FEELS THE HIGH COST OF MONEY

ALTHO it was heavily oversubscribed, the Treasury Department was forced offer the high interest rate of 5⅛ per nt. for its June issue of $400,000,000 in rtificates of indebtedness. In financial arters the fact that the Government ays this high interest rate, the highest for government offering since 1921, and a rate excess of the Federal Reserve rediscount te of 5 per cent., is taken to mean that an preciable easing in the money market n scarcely be looked for in the near fu- re. Since the new certificates run for ne months, it may be taken for granted, ys the New York *Journal of Commerce*, at the Treasury Department is of the nion that for some time it will not be le to borrow on terms better than those this issue; "in one sense, accordingly, d a real one, the certificate issue may be ken to be equivalent to a forecast of high tes of interest for several months to me." The New York *Times* thinks this te throws light in several ways on the neral money situation. As it reminds :

The rate is much the highest fixt since e credit stringency of the "deflation isis" was beginning to relax in 1921. all Street will lay more stress on the ntinuing rise in cost of money to the overnment. A year ago the Treasury id only 3⅞ per cent. on a similar loan, id it was largely oversubscribed. Last ecember, when it floated a 4¼ per cent. ne-months' loan, the idea prevailed that e stringency would relax with arrival the usual easy-money period after ew Year's Day. Instead, the Wall Street oney market tightened further. The easury had to bid 4¾ per cent. in March, d now it raises the bid to 5⅛.

This is reasonably sufficient evidence the actual credit situation; but the tention of the banking community will directed still more closely to another mparison. The rate fixt for its short ans by the Treasury has never in the st nine years failed to be less than the serve Bank rediscount rate; the reason ing that the government loan not only presents the highest type of security, t is exempt from all Federal or State xation except inheritance and sur- xes.

The present Reserve Bank rate is 5 per nt.; it has not been changed since last ly, altho, in the intervening period, en-market rates for merchants' paper ve risen from 5 per cent. to 6, and time ans on Stock Exchange collateral from to 9½. Even the Treasury is now com- lled, in fixing the 5⅛ per cent. rate for new borrowing, to recognize actual ts as the bank rate has not done, and to l above the rate at which the Reserve nks will rediscount government obliga- ns. This has not occurred since 1919, en the well-known circumstances were at the Treasury had persuaded the Re- ve Board to keep down official rates to a ure far below the actual open-market te for money, in order to facilitate the overnment's quarterly financing.

The proceeds of the new issue of certifi- tes of indebtedness, it is noted in *The mes*, together with the tax collections

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—BERT L. TAYLOR

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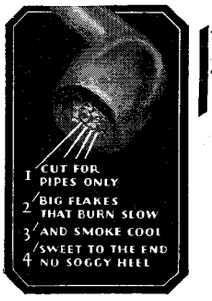

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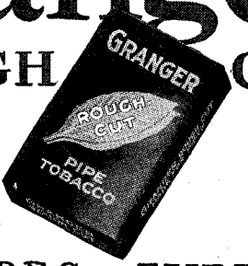

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

and interest payments on war debt by foreign nations, chiefly Great Britain, which will amount to about $63,000,000, go to meet the certificates maturing in June, estimated at $500,000,000, and interest on government debt, amounting to about $100,000,000.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE DECLINE IN CUSTOMER OWNERSHIP

A DECLINE in the proportion of new financing furnished by customer ownership is causing some concern among public-utility officials. It seems that in 1925 the movement reached its high point when 23 per cent. of total new funds were secured in this way: "in 1926 the proportion was 17 per cent., and in 1927 it was 12 per cent., and in 1928 it was 11 per cent." George T. Hughes, who cites these figures, tells us in one of his Consolidated Press financial articles that "there is no mystery about the matter":

There are two reasons for the falling off in the sales of preferred stock to customers of the electric light and power companies. One is the prevailing high rates for money and the other is the craze for the buying of common stocks. The same causes have reduced financing by bonds, that is, bonds which do not carry conversion privileges or warrants for the purchase of stock. The popular demand now is for equities, for a chance to share in the profits of the company rather than to secure a large income.

These two factors have resulted in a decline in the market price of utility preferred stocks along with industrial issues. As investments they are just as good as they ever were, if not better. There is a larger margin of safety for the dividend than there ever was before. The drop in market price is a real opportunity for those who are satisfied with a kind of security temporarily out of favor.

As far as the utilities themselves are concerned the chances are they are just as strong with their customers under present conditions because of the wider distribution of their common stocks. The argument in favor of the customer-ownership plan was that it would make for better public relations when customers had a direct interest in the prosperity of the corporation. But they have that same interest if they are holders of common stock as they would have if they had bought preferred. The difference is that purchases of the common are made in the open market instead of from the company direct.

When money rates decline, and when the speculative fever abates, we may expect a return of the vogue of the utility preferred stock.

Hunter's Luck.—The two hunters had been out several hours and one of them had been growing uneasy. Finally panic overtook him. "We're lost!" he cried to his companion. "We've lost our way!"

"'Sall right," said his phlegmatic companion; "shoot an extra deer and the game warden will be here in two minutes."—*Boston Transcript.*

What Do You Think About When You Are Alone?

What we think makes us what we are Thought can turn a brave man into a timid man, a strong man into a weak man, a cheerful man into a sad man, a proud, domineering man into a humble, abject, cringing man. Thought indeed can change the character of respiration, can impede or assist digestion, can cause disease or banish it; it can induce even death itself.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 21.—The long-standing controversy between Church and State in Mexico is ended by an agreement signed by President Portes Gil and Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, under which the Mexican Government permits the Catholic hierarchy to designate the priests who are to register in compliance with Mexican laws, and permits religious instruction in the churches, but not in the schools.

The German Cabinet votes to accept the experts' reparations plan as signed by the German delegates at Paris as a basis for negotiations by the Governments involved, provided a complete liquidation of the various issues arising out of the World War is undertaken at the same time.

June 22.—Great Britain, it is reported, will announce to the League of Nations Assembly in September that she accepts the optional clause of the statutes of the World Court, which means that she will, without previous agreement in each case, agree that the World Court may hear all judicial disputes in which she may become involved with any nation.

Bishop Pascual Diaz, former Bishop of Tabasco, has been appointed Archbishop of Mexico City and Primate of all Mexico, it is announced.

June 23.—The Spanish Government reports that Maj. Ramon Franco and his three companions, who were attempting a flight to New York via the Azores, are lost somewhere between the Portuguese coast and the Azores Islands.

June 24.—The Spanish Government sends four destroyers to join in the general search for the lost flyers, Maj. Ramon Franco and his three companions.

Ambassador Charles G. Dawes announces that he intends to serve no liquor in the American Embassy in London.

The religious rebellion in the States of Jalisco and Michoacan, Mexico, is reported ended.

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, informs the Reichstag that any proposition to control the Rhineland by a civilian commission after the evacuation by the Allied troops would be rejected by the German Government.

June 25.—In a pastoral letter to Bishops, priests and laymen, Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, papal delegate to Mexico, urges all priests to avoid any political speech or activity, and laymen to obey the laws of Mexico.

Senator de Vecchi, the first Italian Ambassador to be accredited to the Vatican City State, is received by Pope Pius for the presentation of his credentials.

The new British Parliament holds its first session under the Labor Government, and unanimously reelects Capt. E. A. Fitzroy, Conservative, as Speaker.

One of the first acts of the British Labor Government is to announce to all the Dominion Governments of the British Empire that Great Britain intends to resume diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia.

DOMESTIC

June 19.—Congress adjourns for the summer.

The customs border patrol speedboat 4101 is fired upon by rum-runners in the Detroit River, the rum-runners afterward taking refuge on the Canadian side.

Speaking informally to members of the National Loyalty Commission of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, President Hoover says that the question of obedience to law is not one of politics but of morals.

The immigration quotas which will be effective July 1 under the national origins system are officially announced.

June 20.—The Japanese Government will cooperate with the United States and Great Britain in reducing naval armament, according to a notification to the State Department.

June 21.—Yale wins the varsity boat-race from Harvard by six lengths, and also the junior and freshman races.

June 22.—The United States Supreme Court affirms the sentence of Harry F. Sinclair, oil man, on the jury-shadowing charge, and the sentences imposed on Henry Mason Day, Vice-President of the Sinclair Exploration Company, and W. Sherman Burns, of the Burns Detective Agency, for contempt of court in tampering with the Fall-Sinclair conspiracy trial jury in the fall of 1927. Day received a sentence of four months and Burns was fined $1,000. Sinclair's two sentences run concurrently.

June 24.—The varsity eight of Columbia University wins the Poughkeepsie regatta two and a half lengths ahead of Washington. Four of the nine boats starting are swamped by the rough water.

Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City is arrested on charges of being in contempt of the New Jersey Legislature in refusing to answer where he obtained nearly $400,000 he is alleged to have spent in the last ten years on a salary of $8,000 a year, but is released on a writ of habeas corpus.

June 25.—A campaign of education to obtain closer cooperation from the public in the enforcement of Federal and State dry laws is soon to be started by the Prohibition authorities, announces Dr. James M. Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition. A fund of $50,000 has been provided by Congress for the purpose.

The Mississippi State Senate passes a resolution expressing disapproval of the entertainment at the White House of the wife of Oscar de Priest, negro Representative from Illinois.

An Associated Press reporter talks to London by radio from an airplane flying at ninety miles an hour over Hadley Field, New Jersey.

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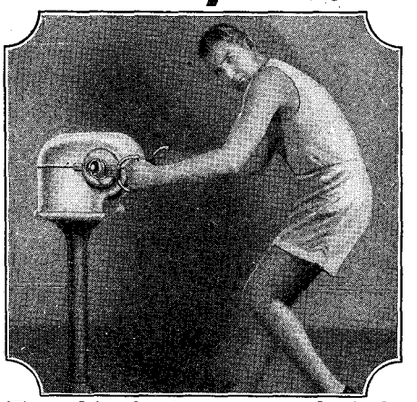

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THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

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Spug with Wings.—"There ain't no flies on me," countered the Scotch aviator when his friends tried to coax a free flight out of him.—*Judge.*

No Use for a Venus.—SHE—"John, what did you do with the beauty doctor's bill?"

HE—"Vetoed it."—*Life.*

Making the Grade.—A newspaper quoted in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S "Spice of Life" has one of two things—a clever paragrapher or a careless linotype operator.—*Minneapolis Labor Review.*

He Didn't Tickle Her.—He had proposed. She had refused him. "You are just a joke," she said. "Well, can't you take a joke?" he asked.—*Border Cities Star.*

Running Wild.—"Boy, you'd better watch out or you'll lose control of this bus!"

"You said it. I'm four payments behind right now."—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Whale of a Sameness.—"His face was lined with anxiety. He was morried."—Weekly paper. This is a misprint for either married or worried—the same thing, anyhow. — *Humorist (London).*

Knows His Emma.—A woman's idea of perfect-fitting shoes are those that she'll kick off as soon as she gets in the house and then go limping upstairs in her stocking feet.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Going the Pace.—Seeing his flapper daughter ordering pickles for lunch, her father grunted, "Why don't you order something substantial?"

"All right; gimme an éclair."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Home-Body" Stuff.—OBADIAH—"I think Peggy will make an ideal wife. Every time I go to her home I find her darning her father's socks."

JOSHUA—"That caught me too—until I noticed it was always the same sock."—*Columbia Jester.*

New Way to Pay Old Debts.—"Smith is unlucky—he put his whole fortune into his wife's name so that his creditors could not get it."

"He did right."

"But his wife has eloped with his chief creditor."—*Faun (Vienna).*

Martyr to His Grouch.—BLINKS—"I thought you hated the saxophone."

JINKS—"I do."

BLINKS—"Then why did you buy your son one?"

JINKS—"Because I hate the neighbors more."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Pass the Bait.—VICAR—"And what parable do you like best, my son?"

BOY—"The one about the multitude that loafs and fishes."—*Montreal Star.*

Bad Debts.—"My sweetie owes me several letters."

"That's nothing, Greta Garbo owes me several hundred."—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah.*

Be Nonchalant, Light the Baby.—"Oh, Fred, the baby has swallowed the matches. What shall I do?"

"Here, use my cigaret-lighter."—*Voo Doo.*

DISTRACTED BRIDE (rushing into registry office): "My cook has left. Have you anybody who can finish cooking the dinner?"

—*The Passing Show* (London).

Cure for Somnambulism.—Did you hear about the letter-carrier who walked in his sleep? Well, he never got very far because he always blew his whistle and woke himself up.—*Judge.*

Reverse Santa Claus.—BRIDE—"Men are brutes. My husband promised me a surprize if I learnt to cook, so I took lessons."

FRIEND—"How thrilling. What was the surprize?"

BRIDE—"He dismissed our cook."—*Passing Show (London).*

Perfect Fit.—SHUE-HORN

Spring Grove.—Mervin E. Shue, son of Edward Shue, and Miss Martha Virginia Horn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Horn, were quietly married in Zion Reformed Church, York.

This couple should stick to the LAST.—*Hummelstown (Pa.) Sun.*

Dead Game Sport.—"I believe it more easy to support adversity than prosperity," observes old Petrarch in a passage I ran across the other day, "and that Fortune is more treacherous and dangerous when she caresses than when she dismays."

We fearlessly take up the challenge. Fie on the easy life! Fie on the soft-sheltered existence of the weakling! Are we cowards? No! Come on, Prosperity, and, stanch and true, we shall face you like a man.—*Detroit News.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Is This a California Diogenes?—Wanted—a good married man.

—*Ad in the Los Angeles Times.*

Musical Accompaniment.—With a flourish of three pans President Hoover signed the farm-relief bill.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Boost or a Knock?—Miss Griffith's well-deserved title "the Orchid of the Screen" is more odious than ever in this beautiful production.—*Asheville Times.*

Side-Stepping Etaoin Shrdlu.—On the other hand, Miss Wethered played steadolly bm bm bm bm mm.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Grandma Up-to-Date.—Thelma ——, seventy-seven, was struck by an automobile when she roller-skated into the street in front of her home.—*Cincinnati paper.*

Test Your Teeth.—Prune Whip—Put a rather thin boiled custard in the bottom of sherbet glasses and pile on the top of it the food chopper and mixed with stiffly-beaten egg whites.—*Jersey Journal.*

With Round Corners?—Is the earth a perfect square?

No, it is slightly flattened at the poles.—*Questionnaire in the Waterbury American.*

Pass the Ouija Board.—Girl found mysteriously dead starts hunt for slayer.—*New York tabloid.*

Cruel and Unusual Punishment.—Lyons avers that he gave this man $385 to "fix" the case, but he was fined $$1$0$0$ and 0rd$ered to serve thirty days in the county jail.—*Los Angeles Times.*

None Forgotten.—The chief executive plans to select a board representing every basic agricultural commodity. Other members will represent the farm industry at large and still others the girl consuming public.—*Huntington (W. Va.) Advertiser.*

Without a Parachute.—

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FROM FARM BILL
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AND HURTS FOUR

—*Streamer head-lines in the Yakima Republic.*

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Forecast Says

—*Philadelphia Record.*

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